

# Jus Primae Noctis Volume 1, Chapter 1 Translation



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Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



**Please note that this novel is by the same author as Hua Hua You Long and is thematically quite similar. So if you have already read that, and didn't like it, this might not be for you although it's not half as violent I think. However, if you are at all uncomfortable with non-consent or dub-con, I wouldn't recommend it.**

Programming note: I'm going to be on vacation, so expect the next update to be in about 2-3 weeks. I usually can't sleep during vacations (I'm a fusspot who doesn't like unfamiliar beds), so it might take a while to get back into the translating groove once I get back. I'll probably do the War Prisoner extras before the next chapter of this one. I'm not sure about the interval between posts for this one too, since the chapters are of differing length. With War Prisoner the chapters were always about 1.6k words, so it was pretty easy to pace.

## Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 1

For someone who has long grown accustomed to life in the glittering royal court of London, the scenery of Stonehaven [1] in the autumn could only be described using the words lacklustre and tiresome --- Brett Thomas [2], the Marquess of Wiltshire [3], had been sitting still by a large window in the conservatory on the second floor for more than two hours. The servants were all quite puzzled, just what was it about that lawn --- which had quite a lot of patches of dried and withered grass --- that could captivate the attention of the Marquess for such a long time?

Nevertheless, everybody still had to admit that even when he was the very picture of indolence and boredom, there was still a mysterious charm about him that was reminiscent of the luminaries that had been painted by Titian [4], so that people did not dare to approach him casually.

The Marquess of Wiltshire was currently the most fashionable and desirable figure in high society. If his porcelain skin that was as white as eggshells were any finer or more translucent, the capillaries of his face would almost be visible. His jade-green eyes were clear and crystalline, just like a peppermint sweet of the finest quality. As for his shimmering pale golden hair, its existence was yet another reason for people to envy him. Under the rays of the afternoon sunshine, the peacock-green jacket he was wearing --- cut to epitomize the refined tastes of its owner --- gleamed and gave off flashes of a dark green light that were very complimentary to his eyes.

But this tranquil picture of an autumn afternoon spent in quiet contemplation was quickly disrupted by a manservant who rushed up the stairs in a blind panic. "My Lord, there is a big Scotsman at the door who is raising a ruckus, demanding to see you [5]. Could Your Lordship please go and have a look quickly."

The name of the manservant who had rushed in was Hugh. Wiltshire had already been reprimanded him several times for his impulsive behaviour and way of doing things but apparently, he had not reformed his ways as a result?

When he saw that panic was written all over the servant's face, the expression on the face of the Marquess also changed in turn. Originally aloof and impassive, it now took on a hint of severity.

"Hugh, I think I have already told you this. Even if the door is open, you should still knock on it before entering into

the room.” It wasn’t just his looks that perfectly embodied the most desirable qualities in aristocratic circles at that time, so did his voice --- the lazy drawl carried a slight hint of sarcasm, even the corpulent Prince Regent [6] often daydreamed about being able to have such elegant tones.

“My apologies, my Lord! But that man... that man...”

In actual fact, Hugh was a robust youth who was nearly five feet eight inches in height [7], that someone could cause him to become utterly flustered to the extent of being nearly helpless... Wiltshire could not help but to become curious; could that man be just like the Scottish giants of legend?

“Where is he?” Wiltshire finally rose from the brocade chair he had been seated on for the whole afternoon and stood up. He had been obliged to incline his head down as he asked Hugh the question --- his six-foot-tall body was the only thing about him that rather spoiled the image of an idle aristocrat.

Leaving the matter of his height aside, Wiltshire's figure was actually quite slender --- the Prince Regent had already hinted several times at his desire to embrace Wiltshire's slender waist, although he always tried to pass off these intimations off as jokes afterwards because Wiltshire came from an influential family.

Playing his games within the splendour of the London court, Wiltshire was constantly surrounded by many beautiful upper-class ladies and naturally, he would not countenance the idea of selecting the Prince Regent, who tipped the scales at close to three hundred pounds, as his bed partner. But of late, he had found that this sort of sticky situation was becoming a frequent occurrence and the Marquess could only say that he had to leave for his remote estate in the northern territories to see that it is in order, using this excuse to avoid the Prince Regent's attempts at getting a piece of the action --- after all, the other party was still none other than the most important person in the whole of Britain.

But with the dullness of life in Stonehaven, Wiltshire soon could not find anything else to do except to sit around in a torpor. Although he had had to expend some mental energy to come up with such an ingenious plan to throw off the persistent Prince Regent, but Wiltshire was already seriously considering returning to London and going back to immersing himself in a life that was full of dancing in ballrooms and socialising in gentlemen's clubs.

“WHERE IS HE?” As if he had not heard the question the first time that it had been asked, Hugh only raised his head to stare dumbly up at the Marquess' face; finally Wiltshire had had enough and could not help but to roar at him.

“... That way, my Lord... my apologies... I'll bring you over there...” As if he had been startled awake from a dream, Hugh shivered uncontrollably and babbled out an incoherent reply.

He followed at the back of the youth as they proceeded to a window sill on the same floor but at another wing of the manor. Looking out, Wiltshire immediately saw the Scotsman in question; he was currently fighting against several of Wiltshire's male servants.

The Scotsman was quite tall, he was probably almost as tall as Wiltshire himself, or perhaps he could even be a bit taller than him. The deep flaxen colour of his hair and eyes, along with the tartan kilt he wore, were clear indications of his lineage. Wiltshire narrowed his eyes as he took the measure of the man who was still struggling against four of Wiltshire's brawny servants as the sunlight shone down upon them.

Drops of perspiration glimmered on the man's suntanned skin, making his common facial features look vivid and even striking as a result.

The man's Scottish kilt left an expanse of leg uncovered, and because he was exerting his strength as he strained against his foes, the muscle of his thighs stood out in sharp relief, clear evidence of his astounding strength.

However, the plaid [8] that was draped around the man's upper body, which featured the same tartan pattern as the kilt he wore, was worn by Scotsmen as part of their traditional dress at only the most important of ceremonies.

So what was it that had caused this man to abandon a ceremony midway so as to intrude upon Wiltshire's estate and raise an uproar? Wiltshire knitted his brows into a frown. Although he did not consider himself to be a particularly wise Lord of the Manor [9] but by his own reckoning, he had not ever brutalized any of the tenant farmers that worked his lands.

"Winifred! Winifred!" The man was unable to get past the blockade set against him at the moment and instead he began to shout loudly.

That was clearly a woman's name but Wiltshire could not remember having any female servants with that name in his employ. He furrowed his brows further and asked Hugh, who was at his side: "Who is this Winifred? Why is he looking for that person here?"

"My Lord, I swear that I have never heard of someone with that name before." The youth's face took on an expression of embarrassment, evidently, he was feeling ashamed that he was unable to answer his Master's question.

Feeling some regret that he had actually bothered to ask any further questions of a blockhead like Hugh, Wiltshire decided to put a stop to the farce that was taking place at the doorsteps of his manor personally.

"John, Wilson, Brad, Pat! That's enough, stop fighting, let that man approach."

The four strong and vigorous menservants almost immediately seemed to stop making any further action. Clearly, their efforts at restraining the Scotsman had left them totally exhausted.

The Scotsman raised his head, besides the obvious unfriendliness on his face, there was also a kind of pure curiosity in his expression and at the moment he laid eyes on Wiltshire's face, his expression changed to one of shock. As for Wiltshire, there was something in the Scotsman's gaze that immediately reminded him of an innocent child and much to his own surprise, it actually caused his heart to give a strong, hard beat in response.

"Sir, please come to the drawing room, and then you will explain properly why you feel the need to cry and shout on my doorstep." Wiltshire gained mastery over his own emotions, calming them rapidly and then gave his orders using an affronted tone of voice that was befitting a lord whose territory had been violated.

The Scotsman was clearly entranced by Wiltshire's exquisitely beautiful appearance; as if in a dream he followed behind the footsteps of the servant, even stopping quite a few times to raise his head, looking around to confirm that Wiltshire had not been a mere figment of his imagination.

After a few minutes, Wiltshire descended down the stairs and at glance, he immediately saw that the Scotsman was standing in the large hall, seemingly at a loss, not knowing what he should do --- he appeared to strike a discordant chord with the elegant interiors he was surrounded by and on his part, he had apparently perceived that he was somehow unworthy of being there.

"Sir, now you can tell me who Winifred is and the reason why you have come to my home to look for this woman!" Wiltshire seated himself upon a high-backed chair and his menservants quickly arrayed themselves to stand behind him in a row while wearing watchful expressions on their faces.

"My Lord, my whole family moved away from the highlands ten years ago and resettled on your [10] landholdings. In addition, we have also leased a small plot of farmland from you for cultivation. Winifred is my younger sister, today is her wedding day, the reason I have come is because one of your servants has abducted her before the wedding and brought her here!"

Wiltshire was momentarily stumped but very quickly, he could read a clue in the Scotsman's eyes.

"Brad, please explain this matter." He turned his head back, casting a glance at the eldest of the servants.

"Your Lordship!" Brad walked in front of Wiltshire and bowed respectfully. He had been a servant in this manor from the time of Wiltshire's childhood and thus, he now possessed faultless etiquette and manners.

"According to the prerogatives conferred by His Majesty the King of England, the Wiltshire clan not only owns all of the land and cattle within the territories of Stonehaven but furthermore, it also has the right of *jus primae noctis* [11] of all the people on its lands. Because you have been living in London ever since you became an adult, this right has not been exercised ever since you succeeded to the title. Now that you have returned to your seat in Stonehaven, as a woman who is getting married within this period of time, Winifred Robinson's first night rightfully belongs to you, my Lord."

Wiltshire face blanked for a spell. Although he knew that many years ago, to reward the Wiltshire family for assisting him in wresting control of power, the King had given to the Wiltshire family many privileges that had not been accorded to other aristocratic families but the right of having *jus primae noctis* over all the people that lived on his land was one right that he had not even known about himself.

"Utter rubbish! Winifred is a good, unsullied girl, all of you have no right to treat her this way!" The Scotsman looked to be extremely agitated but he still moderated his attitude towards Wiltshire. "My Lord, Winifred is just an ordinary country lass, you will not be even the slightest bit interested in her! Her husband is still waiting for her in the church, I beg you to have mercy and let her go back with me!"

The agitated expression on the man's face caused Wiltshire to smile. He stretched out his own pair of long legs, suddenly feeling that perhaps this dreary afternoon would not be as boring as he had imagined.

"Sir, could you tell me your name?"

The Scotsman looked doubtful for a moment, but he soon quickly answered: "Walker, Walker Robinson, Sir."

"Well then, Walker," Wiltshire again gave him his trademark languid smile, "could you tell me the reason why you firmly believe that I would give up my rights so easily and let your sister go back with you just like that?"

The Scotsman's expression changed. When he had first laid eyes on Wiltshire, he had immediately thought that he would be able to convince this lordly Marquess, who looked to be even more beautiful than a woman, to do things his way. But now, he knew better --- he could not count on any of member of the aristocracy to have a charitable or merciful character; even if he should ever chance upon one of them that happened to look like an incarnation of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Alright then! Even you cannot come up with an argument against this. Needless to say, I certainly cannot think of any reason why I should deny myself the pleasure of enjoying the softness and fragrance of a fresh virgin." Wiltshire put on an impatient expression that made it seem as though he was unwilling to discuss the matter further but his gaze surreptitiously travelled sideways to fall upon Walker's bare thigh. Unbeknownst to everybody else, a plan for a nefarious game was slowly taking shape in his mind.

Sure enough, after Walker had heard his words, his expression darkened considerably. When he saw that Wiltshire had stood up and looked like he was about to leave, he was jolted and in his agitation, he rushed up to Wiltshire, intending to make him stay. However, when Wiltshire's menservants, who had been standing at his back, immediately rushed forward as one to protect their master, the atmosphere immediately became one of mutual hostility, with both sides seemingly ready to come to blows.

"Brad, all of you, stand aside for now." Wiltshire waved his hand, indicating that the menservants should withdraw.

His gaze fell upon Walker's hand where it was clutching at Wiltshire's clothes --- it was so sharply different to the hands of all the nobles he had seen before, the rough suntanned palm was so large and Wiltshire was suddenly struck by the impulse to caress and stroke those hands.

In his excitement, his jade-green eyes darkened to a deep green. Wiltshire quickly grabbed that large pair of hands and found that indeed, they were just as warm as he had imagined. Lowering his voice to a pitch that could that could only be heard by Walker and himself, he said: "Follow me upstairs, we can have a good talk there."

Ignoring the look of surprise on the Scotsman's face, Wiltshire turned and walked towards the stairs. After a moment of hesitation, Walker also followed behind him. As for Brad and the rest, they had wanted to rush forward to stop Walker but Wiltshire waved them back.

"All of you can stand on guard downstairs, you are not to come up unless I call for you." The jade eyes swept over the menservants coldly; Wiltshire understood that he could only dominate the servants if he put on an appropriately imposing demeanour.

"That girl... where is that Winifred?" The question suddenly occurred to him, and he turned his head to address the question to Brad.

"My Lord, I have put her into the guest bedroom at the very end of the corridor. Because she was making so much noise as she cried and wailed, I fed her some morphine..." Brad swallowed the rest of his words when he saw that Wiltshire was looking at him with cold and flinty eyes.

Deciding that he would leave the matter of the servant having committed a transgression by bringing a strange woman into the manor without obtaining prior approval to pursue later, Wiltshire did not say anything else and without further ado, he led Walker up the stairs.

As soon as he opened the door to the guest bedroom, Wiltshire's eyes immediately fell up the Scottish girl who was curled up on the bed, just like a small animal. Her hair colour was a deep flaxen shade that was similar to her brother's, but her skin was much paler and the healthy colour of her cheeks were reminiscent of blooming roses. But apart from these characteristics, Winifred's looks were average; from her appearance, she looked no different from an ordinary country girl.

Even the women who had been rejected by Wiltshire and denied entry to his bedchamber were all required to look much more delicate, beautiful and adorable than her before they ever gotten that far. But now, Wiltshire had another use for this woman, who he would normally have absolutely no interest in.

"This is your sister, there is no mistake about it?" Wiltshire cast a glance at Walker, in fact he had not needed to ask the question, from the concerned expression that Walker wore on his face, he already knew the answer.

"Yes, my Lord. Winifred, she... she is..." When he saw how helpless and fragile his younger sister looked, Walker's calm facade began to crumble. After all, the man before his eyes had the status of a Lord, and as for himself, his entire family depended on working the lands owned by this man for their livelihoods.

Wiltshire gave a wave of his hand, indicating that he should not speak further.

## End of Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 1

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[1]: 史东赫文 (shǐ dōng hè wén): I **think** this is referring to Stonehaven, a town on the north-eastern coast of Scotland. Basically because the Stonehaven Cup (a golfing tournament) is called 史東赫文盃 in Chinese (the differences in the characters is due to one of them being traditional Chinese and the other simplified Chinese).

[2]: Note that the names are just my best guesses. They are pretty much English names transliterated into Chinese and hard to guess (for me anyway).

[3]: The Marquess is usually referred to as Wiltshire in this book, instead of by his given name or surname or his full title. This is actually quite common for peers. In books/documentaries about Waterloo, you will commonly see/hear the Duke of Wellington referred to as just "Wellington". Similarly, the lawsuit that Oscar Wilde brought against John Douglas, the Marquess of Queensberry is known as Wilde vs. Queensberry.

[4]: Tiziano Vecellio, known in English as Titian, was an Italian painter, the most important member of the 16th-century Venetian school.

[5]: The servants uses “您 (nín)” instead of “你 (nǐ)” to address Wiltshire. They both mean “you”, but 您 is the formal and courteous mode of address. It makes no difference when you think of them speaking English, since there is no “polite” form of you in the English but just imagine a more respectful tone.

[6]: Could be referring to King George IV of England when he was the Prince Regent, ruling in the stead of his father George III when he was deemed to be unfit to rule. He was obese and very interested in being seen as an elegant dandy although he is thought to be heterosexual whereas the Prince Regent in this story is suggested to be at least bisexual. If this is the era the author meant to evoke, it would place the story around 1811-1820.

[7]: The average height of a man in Regency England was about 5 feet 6 inches, so Hugh would have been considered quite tall for his time, or at least among men of his class. A study on heights in early 19th century England showed that the difference between average height of English upper class youth and English lower class youth reached 8.7 inches.

[8]: Plaid here refers to “a rectangular length of tartan worn over the left shoulder as part of the Scottish national costume” (Merriam Webster) instead of a fabric pattern, although the pattern of the fabric is plaid as well. Traditionally, it is only worn at white-tie events.

[9]: In British society, the Lordship of a Manor is a lordship originating in the feudal system of manorialism. Manorialism was characterised by the vesting of legal and economic power in a Lord of the Manor, supported economically from his own direct landholding in a manor, and from the obligatory contributions of a legally subject part of the peasant population under the jurisdiction of himself and his manorial court. A manorial lordship is not an aristocratic title, although many members of the aristocracy were indeed also Lords of the Manor.

[10]: He uses “您 (nín)” instead of “你 (nǐ)” to address Wiltshire.

[11]: 初夜权 (chū yè quán): literally first night rights. This is the concept known as jus primae noctis in the English-speaking world (the term itself is Latin), which is a right consummating a marriage granted to someone other than the bridegroom by the law or custom of some cultures. Similar to droit du seigneur which was an alleged legal right allowing the lord of a medieval estate to take the virginity of his serfs' maiden daughters but jus primae noctis specifically refers to consummation on the wedding night. There is little evidence, however, that the alleged rights ever actually existed, much less that they were ever exercised.

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Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

**So what do you guys think of this? XD**





# Jus Primae Noctis Volume 1, Chapter 2 Translation

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Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

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There's been some questions about whether this will be posted on a regular schedule like War Prisoner was. As of right now, I don't know. War Prisoner was easy to space out because the chapters were all pretty much the same length, but the length of the chapters in this novel varies quite a bit. All I'll say right now is that it will be updated at least once a week.

## Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 2

"I know that you wish for me to relinquish my right to bed her on her wedding night; that is possible. But I want to exchange it for another right, although in reality that right also belongs to me anyway." At this juncture, Wiltshire stopped speaking of the matter, waiting for Walker's reaction.

"My Lord, as long as you spare Winifred, I am willing to do anything." Knowing that Wiltshire was waiting for a pledge from him, Walker immediately declared his position on the matter with no hesitation at all.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Actually, it's very simple." Wiltshire smiled again. At that, Walker began to feel a drop of cold sweat slowing meandering down his forehead although he did not know why he would have such a reaction.

"Well then, in that case you will use the virginity of your behind to exchange for your sister's virginity!"

"What..." It was apparent that Walker had wanted to give an outraged shout, but when he opened his mouth, all he could manage was a hoarse rasp due to the excessive shock he had suffered.

"You don't understand? As long as you spread your legs and let me stick this into your backside, I will let your sister off. Do you understand what I mean, now that I put it like this?" Wiltshire undid the buttons on his form-fitting trousers and pointed to the part that protruded out with a finger while looking at the utterly flabbergasted Walker with a lewd look on his face.

"No... No... No no no..." It was beginning to dawn upon Walker than Wiltshire was not joking and he began backing away steadily in the direction of the door. He was trying to put as much space as possible between them, anxious to escape from this room --- suddenly it felt narrow and oppressively small --- as if this beautiful young man in front of him was the very incarnation of the devil. However, when his gaze fell upon the slender girl that was laid out on the bed, he was immediately rooted to the spot, as if vines had erupted from the ground and twined themselves around his feet.

"Aren't you wearing a Scottish kilt today? Very good, I've heard that Scotsmen do not wear underpants beneath their kilts. Now, go and stand in the corner over there and lift up your kilt. It will just take five minutes of your time, after that you can bring your sister back to the church to continue with the wedding, with her moral integrity as



unblemished as a piece of flawless white jade [1]." On Wiltshire's pale but fine-featured face, there had appeared an incongruous evil smile. Pointing to a corner behind the bed, he was looking forward, with considerable interest, to relishing to sight of the valiant man in front of him brought to the point of collapse.

Uncontrollably, Walker's face grew red. Even his chocolate-coloured skin, acquired through spending his days in the sun all throughout the year, could do nothing to conceal the flush that swept over his face.

Perceiving Walker's hesitation, Wiltshire intentionally cast a seemingly accidental glance at Winifred --- she had been stripped down to her petticoat, her long hair was unbound and flowed around her prostrate form, making her appear ever so delicate and defenceless, just like a tender young Japanese Rose bloom [2].

Keenly aware of the implicit meaning behind Wiltshire's cold and mocking eyes, Walker's face turned pale.

"Please, not here..." After struggling with his own thoughts for several minutes, Walker clenched his jaw and managed to hiss out this sentence from the slivers of space between his teeth.

"She won't wake up, it seems that someone has given your delicate little flower a sedative."

When he saw that Walker was still standing at the same spot like a frozen block of wood, Wiltshire rubbed his lovely fingers together impatiently and said: "I am very busy, if you keep on procrastinating... Mister Robinson, I cannot guarantee that I will have enough patience to keep waiting."

Believing that the nobleman's interest in him was merely a passing fancy, a whim that occurred on the spur of the moment, Walker began to fear that Wiltshire would lose interest in this notion and change his target to Winifred instead.

"Alright, come on then! We both know that this is no big deal." The sound was very soft; what Walker was doing was merely trying to convince himself.

With a stiff posture, he walked over to the corner indicated by Wiltshire and slowly pressed himself against the wall, resting his hands hesitantly on his kilt. However he did not lift it up as Wiltshire had demanded.

A smile born of enrapturement blossomed on Wiltshire's face --- it had been a long time since he had last felt so interested in anything but the prospect of raping this strong Scotsman caused him to feel as though boiling-hot blood was coursing through his veins.

He walked over lazily, extending a hand, he grasped the male sex organ under Walker's kilt firmly --- there was no affection or tenderness to this action, it was purely to grab at the other party's weakness as a means of establishing even more control over him.

For a spell, that warm and soft flesh trembled in Wiltshire's palm, as if it were a sentient object that was beginning to awaken after a period of inertia.

"If you don't wish for that little flower that is lying on the bed to become my snack for tonight, then don't stand there like a block of wood! Lift your right leg up!" As he was berating the other party with a stern voice, Wiltshire was lifting up the other man's thigh, which seemed to be half again as thick as his own and forcefully bending it to the man's chest. Holding it in that position, he then pressed up against him with his whole body.

"Scottish kilts are only convenient at times like this, but beyond that..." He wickedly mocked Walker as he drove the length of the second finger on his right hand straight into the narrow and simmeringly hot passageway.

Walker's entire body jolted, as if he had suffered an electric shock. His eyes flew wide open instantly, as if he could not believe the outrageously obscene feeling that had shot through him. But when Wiltshire started to drill his finger in and out of his body repeatedly, the feeling it produced caused him to shut his eyes quickly.

"Open your eyes! I want you to see how I shall put it in." Wiltshire was totally in love with the feelings of wickedness and lasciviousness that were sweeping over him in that moment, they swept away all the feelings of boredom that had engulfed him during these monotonous days in Stonehaven, and his whole body felt like it was burning up.

He quickened the pace in which he thrust his finger and then leaned in, his lips were close to Walker's cheek now... the unwilling Walker canted his head to the side to avoid his lips, but Wiltshire followed his movement and he was quickly trapped against the wall.

The Scotsman's oral cavity carried a warm, musky taste... Realizing that the other party had already taken a bath as part of his preparations for attending his younger sister's wedding, Wiltshire gave a satisfied smile.

Forcefully, after he pressed Walker even more firmly against the wall, Wiltshire took out his own manhood and with his hand, he slowly guided and tried to insert it into Walker's body. At first, his attempts met with little success because the man's passage was too narrow. Several times, Wiltshire's penis was turned away to the side and slipped out, finally he lost all patience --- with a fierce push forward, at last, he managed to fully insert it using brute force.

Veins were showing on that enormous penis; as he watched saw it enter into his own body, Walker's eyeballs bulged out and almost fell out of their sockets in shock. Watching the strong and courageous expression on the face of the Scotsman disappear, an all-consuming, fiery thrill --- one that Wiltshire had not experienced for such a very long time --- sprang up in his heart.

While continuing to thrust himself into the man's body in that position, Wiltshire snaked his hand underneath the clothes on Walker's upper body. Seeking out that tiny little fruit, he fiercely kneaded and pinched it.

"Ah..." The man who was being squeezed between the wall and Wiltshire gave a moan. But he was immediately reminded of the fact that his sister was still lying just beside them and helplessly clamped a hand over his mouth.

Feeling that tight ring of muscle that encircled his own engorged desire give a contraction, Wiltshire could not help but to let a smile escape, which adorned the corners of his mouth. Wearing the same smile, he began to move his own body back and forth.

Every time he penetrated him deeply, Wiltshire could see the humiliated expression on the face of the man pinned under him, that expression became the ultimate aphrodisiac and excited him to the point where he forgot to exercise any restraint over his own passions.

Obviously this had started as merely a game --- a way to while away the boring afternoon --- but Wiltshire discovered that he had invested too much passion into it and was losing control, at the same time he also did not wish to reign in his own brimming fervour, and very quickly, in the midst of thrusts that made him gasp for breath incessantly, he began to release his own desire...

Slowly setting down Walker's thigh, which had been yanked up high throughout the encounter, Wiltshire pretended not to see the rage on that man's face; he looked like he was on the verge of an unrestrained eruption.

"Ah, it was indeed the first time, the big brother's virginity has been exchanged for the right to the little sister's virginity. On the whole, we can be said to be even." Without batting an eyelash, Wiltshire took a step back and bent his head to admire the sight of fresh blood and semen flowing down Walker's thighs while he was making his vile commentary, expressing his own views on the brutal sex that had taken place.

"My Lord Marquess, may I leave with Winifred now?" Both of Walker's legs were shaking slightly, but he raised his chin with that distinctive Scottish pride [3] as he asked his question.

"Do you want me to help you clean up your bottom? In addition..." Wiltshire saw that Walker had clenched his fists

and his face began to take on a murderous expression; in the end, however, he managed to curb his impulses. Walker used the handkerchief that Wiltshire tossed over to him to carelessly wipe off the fluids that had flowed onto his legs before he walked over to the side of the bed. Bending down, he picked Winifred up, who was still unconscious.

Although it had taken only a few steps to reach the bed, Wiltshire saw that an expression of unbearable agony had shown itself on Walker's face quite a few times in that period.

"You may not be able to ride on a horse, do you want me to have a carriage prepared to take you and your sister to the church?" Wiltshire did not wish for this newly-discovered toy to collapse midway on the road, just like that.

"No need for that, my Lord. I have already had the privilege of fully experiencing your kindness, I do not wish to be a bother to you any further." Walker retorted coldly.

Nobody could tell that he had just been subjected to a violation of considerable brutality. Even now, the insides of his body was still full of that man's semen and with every single step that he took, piercing, deep-rooted pains would shoot out from the region of his waist.

## **End of Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 2**

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[1]: I'll probably translate the metaphors/references as close to the Chinese text as possible, even if it sounds a bit weird if you think about the fact that this is set in England. In this instance, Jade is not particularly favoured by the English, but it is traditionally the most precious material for the Chinese. It has been treasured since Neolithic times. The importance of Jade stone in Chinese culture is reflected in its status as a symbol of goodness, preciousness and beauty. To the Chinese, jade stone is also the embodiment of the Confucian virtues of courage, wisdom, modesty, justice and compassion.

[2]: 蔷薇花 (qiáng wēi huā): rosa multiflora, also known as Japanese rose.

[3]: The sentence could also be interpreted to mean that Walker has a distinctively Scottish chin. I've tried to google for "Scottish chin" thinking that it might be a visually distinctive physical characteristic, like the Roman nose, but there are very few results. So, I'm not convinced that it's a "thing" and I'm going with pride as the distinctively Scottish characteristic.

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Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.



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# Jus Primae Noctis Volume 1, Chapter 3 Translation, Part 1



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Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!

FYI: This book is in 2 volumes, there are 7 chapters in volume 1 and 11 in volume 2.



## Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 3, Part 1

But what Walker found even more painful was that his self-esteem now hung in shreds --- Wiltshire! Carving that name deeply into his heart, the Scotsman chose to swallow his anger for the moment.

Watching that strong back as it slowly disappeared from his line of vision, Wiltshire smiled and fished out a pocket watch --- it was already time for dinner but on this afternoon, he had finally found a way to amuse himself, something that could save him from dying of boredom in Stonehaven.

Walker Robinson, we shall meet again! [1]

Although that's what he said, seven days would pass before Wiltshire's next meeting with Walker transpired --- Earl Thuram of Darwen came up from London to pay him a surprise visit, disrupting his original plan.

The Earl was Wiltshire's good friend, but he had another secret identity, one that he would be widely condemned by everyone for. As the Prince Regent's only long-term male companion, he possessed power and influence that could not be rivalled by any of the other peers in the kingdom. Along with everybody else, Wiltshire could not figure out why his good friend, who was born a member of the aristocracy and held titles of nobility in his own right in addition to having extraordinarily handsome looks, would be willing to take up with the gormless, obese and wanton Prince Regent. But every time he would put this question to Darwen, he would just smile but make no reply. After the same scene played out several times, Wiltshire stopped pursuing that line of questioning.

Unfortunately, Earl Thuram, who had been secretly ordered to go to Stonehaven by the Prince Regent, soon came down with malaria, which had been circulating in the vicinity. After taking to his bed for a whole week, his health was restored but as soon as that happened, he requested that Wiltshire accompany him back to London.

Although Wiltshire's heart had already grown tired of the dreariness of life in Stonehaven, the prospect of having to meet with the Prince Regent again caused him to resist Thuram's proposal instinctively. After he had persisted in opposing the idea, he finally got Thuram to at least agree to return to London before him, but the Marquess was obliged to make his own departure from Stonehaven within three days.

As the time for departure drew near, Wiltshire was still idling his time away. In his infinite ennui, his thoughts began to turn to the Scotsman who he had pressed against the wall of his guestroom and violated. With his interest thus piqued, he summoned Brad and asked for directions to the Robinson family home before setting off in that direction by himself, while harbouring a feeling of eagerness at the opportunity to try something new; a feeling that surprised even himself.

By the time he had hurried over to the outlying reaches of the territory of Stonehaven where the Robinson homestead was situated, it was already close to noon. Riding on a horse, Wiltshire immediately spotted Walker, who was toiling

in the fields. He was not alone; by his side were two young boys and an elderly man who had a face that was heavily lined with wrinkles.

Standing in the farmland, bathed in the autumn sun, Walker raised the hoe high before sinking it into the ground at his feet and pulling hard. Sweat fell continuously from his neck and forehead, falling onto the dark brown soil. Every time he raised his arm, the well-developed muscles of his arm and chest would bunch up so much that they seemed to be totally revealed through his thin undershirt [2] --- it was obviously a rather mundane scene of farm labour, but somehow, when it was viewed through Wiltshire's eyes, he could not help but to feel his throat beginning to run dry.

Damn, his trousers seemed to be of too tight a fit today --- feeling his nether regions begin to swell up, and the crotch of his trousers grow uncomfortably tight, he began to regret choosing to wear this new pair of trousers today. He urged his horse forward, stopping in front of Walker, who was still working industriously.

"Good older brother of Winifred, how have you been lately?" He made a great effort to make his voice sound as pleasant as the weather on this fine day but when Walker subsequently jerked his head up, the expression he was wearing was more appropriate for someone who had just heard Satan beckoning.

Wiltshire smiled as he drank in the sight of Walker's entire body with his eyes --- the determined chin, the broad and solid chest, the firm and tight waist, the strong upper thighs... last of all, his suggestive gaze travelled to that area between his legs, flickering over there for a few seconds before finally coming to a stop in that very impolite position.

Golden hair that shimmered under the sunshine with enough radiance to dazzle the eyes, a teasing gaze that glinted with indecent enticements; when Walker was met with this sight, he gasped with shock and his body also trembled -- - albeit almost imperceptibly --- but he rapidly managed to restore his equilibrium.

Setting down the hoe he held in his hand, he used the towel that was draped around his neck to wipe off the sweat that dripped down continuously before putting on a mocking attitude as he gave Wiltshire a slight bow and said: "My honourable Lord Marquess, what wind blows you here?"

Wiltshire gave a wide grin and laughed, his snow-white teeth gleaming in the sun as he said: "I did say that we would meet again, did I not? Also, frankly speaking, at every single moment for the past few days, I have been thinking of your beautiful kilt and underneath your kilt, the..."

"Shut up!" It was evident that Walker could not believe that he could actually talk about this kind of topic in broad daylight.

"My Lord, perhaps you have forgotten this, but I think I had better give you a reminder. I only have one younger sister and she has already gotten married. If you are still thinking of using such a ridiculous excuse as *jus primae noctis*..."

When he mentioned the phrase "*jus primae noctis*", he abruptly paused and did not continue speaking. An unmistakable blush also flitted across his suntanned face and Wiltshire knew that he must be thinking of his own "first night" --- the memory of being buried deeply into Walker's smoulderingly-hot, tight and resisting body flashed across his own mind, causing area under his abdomen to feel as though it was being stretched even more taut, and he could not help but to give a swallow.

Taking great care not to have anything brush against the swollen desire that hung between his legs, Wiltshire dismounted from the horse. Thus obscured by the horse, he brazenly brought his lips beside Walker's ears.

"If you don't wish for me to make loud proclamations right here about how tight, how hot and how narrow your asshole is, then immediately..." He pointed to the forest that bordered the field, "We need to find a place where we can have a good chat."

He deliberately moved impossibly close to Walker; so that with every single word he spoke and every time that he breathed, he sent a hot puff of air wafting against Walker's ear. He saw with satisfaction that Walker's angry eyes



now gleamed with a murderous look. Shrugging his shoulders, he walked ahead, into the small forest.

He heard Walker's footsteps following behind him but Wiltshire did not turn back for a look and continued to move forward, only stopping when they were deep in the forest.

"What exactly do you want?" Almost immediately, an angry voice rang out, evidently, Walker's patience had been stretched nearly to the breaking point.

Aristocratic lords invariably liked their playthings to be fresh, wasn't it so? And he had already submitted to humiliation and allowed Wiltshire to toy with him, how could that not have been enough! That day, if it weren't for the fact that his family was waiting for him to return with Winifred to commence the wedding, Walker would be willing to swear that he would have ripped the Marquess to shreds the moment he opened his poisonous mouth and made that shameless demand.

He swept his contemptuous glance over Wiltshire, who was opposite him, leaning against a tree. That aristocrat! Although he could not be considered short, but with the type of slender build he possessed, what physical strength could he possibly have!

Wiltshire answered his question with silence. With big strides, he walked over to Walker and with no hesitation, he divested himself of his trousers and casually tossed them aside.

His pent-up desire that he had had to endure for such a long time could finally be fully exposed and the sex organ on his lower body stood up proudly, pointing straight at Walker. Engorged with blood, the organ was continuing to grow and the transparent fluid that hung from its front end was undeniable evidence of his lust.

Walker was so shocked by the scene before his eyes that he was totally stunned; as if he were under some enchantment, he stood stiffly, rooted to the same spot. He could not tear his eyes away from the hard and erect thing that Wiltshire was displaying before his eyes and his facial muscles were twitching uncontrollably.

"What do I want! Isn't that obvious enough!" Wiltshire said placidly; in the next second he had pulled Walker, who was caught off-guard and thus unable to put up any resistance, into his arms. "I want to strip off all of your clothes, I want to kiss every part of your body fiercely, I want to use my hand to knead your nipples until they are swollen and sore! I want to fondle you until you are utterly spent and can orgasm no more!! I want to humiliate you until you cry out and beg me to enter your body!!!"

As he clearly enunciated words that would make even the most seasoned prostitute in the metropolis of London blush by the side of Walker's ear, he clutched Walker's body tightly in his arms, inserted his right leg into the space between Walker's legs and pressed it against his crotch while his hand mercilessly ripped apart his undershirt and pinched the erect nipple on his chest, pressing his nail hard against it...

"Ah..." Walker gave blood-curdling shrieks while desperately struggling like a wild beast that had been pierced by an arrow but Wiltshire was enormously strong, almost beyond compare, and ruthlessly pressed him between his body and the tree. The thigh that he had wedged between Walker's legs was moving back and forth forcefully, attempting to arouse Walker's lust.

"Get lost! Get lost!" Walker's shouts came out as a hiss because his breath caught in his throat. He raised both of his hands in front of his chest, forcefully trying to push Wiltshire away but Wiltshire's hands were far more powerful than he had imagined; they gripped him as firmly as pincers made of iron would.

When he saw the frantic way Walker was struggling, a desire for conquest began to consume Wiltshire just like a wildfire consumes everything in its path, driving him to bear down upon Walker's lips forcefully --- a heady, intensely masculine flavour instantly engulfed him; like an aphrodisiac, it drove him even wilder.

Prying the moist and lush lips apart, Wiltshire's tongue quickly extended inside and set about exploring Walker's



mouth riotously.

Having been tightly restrained against Wiltshire, the tremendous heat and sexual desire that Wiltshire's body exuded in great waves caused Walker to become dizzy and light-headed. Just as he was about to be submerged in a sea of lust, he managed to summon one last bit of strength and bit down hard on Wiltshire's tongue which was still probing the depths of his oral cavity.

Wiltshire's lust had been bubbling over like a pot of boiling water, but the intense pain had the effect of cooling it off significantly. With a loud scream, he let go of Walker, and clapped his hand over his mouth, which was gushing with blood from his bleeding tongue.

His wild gaze shot to Walker, who had collapsed to kneel on the ground, his legs too wobbly to support him due to the abruptness with which he had been jolted from the throes of passion. The intrinsic savagery that was part of Wiltshire's character was awakened in his chest. Almost in the very next second, he rushed over and fiercely wrestled that strong body to the ground.

Walker was startled, he had obviously not expected Wiltshire to be able to recover or to launch another attack on himself so quickly. He valiantly attempted to struggle although he had been caught unprepared, trying to engineer a second escape from the hands of the Marquess.

Having had his initial attempt thwarted, Wiltshire seemed to grow even more frenzied. With all the strength in his body, he pressed down on Walker's back and forcefully twisted his arms to his back. Even more alarmingly, he jammed his right thigh between Walker's legs; hooking them up, he wrenched them apart and placed them by his sides.

"The lords of the nobility are nothing but a pack of male dogs in heat! Male dog! Get lost! Don't touch me with your dirty hands!" Walker had been so firmly pinned down by Wiltshire that his head was the only part that he could still move freely. He cursed viciously, and spat out a mouthful of saliva that carried traces of blood onto the ground in front of him, while bucking his body back and forth in an attempt to break away from the Marquess's death grip.

The friction created by Walker's thrashing caused Wiltshire to feel as though his burning desire had been brought to an apex. At this point, he lost any semblance of refinement. His golden hair was now wet and scattered, hanging messily on his forehead and perspiration kept dripping down. Looking at him now, people would probably not recognize him as the Marquess who was famed for his grace and languid elegance throughout the highest echelons of London society.

He had to admit that the strength in Walker's arm was really quite remarkable, but Wiltshire himself had undergone years of training in the skill of wrestling at clubs in London, and he was confident enough that he could subdue this country bumpkin who had completely no knowledge of any technique. Freeing up a hand, he undid Walker's belt. Using the resources at hand, he improvised and used the belt to secure Walker's hands behind his back.

Although he now occupied the more advantageous position, but by time that Wiltshire managed to accomplish all of this, he was also wearing a look of fatigue --- he was panting hard, but it wasn't only because he was short of breath, it could be further attributed to the explosive desire that was consuming him, the intensity of which surprised even himself.

Walker felt Wiltshire draw even closer to himself; hot droplets of perspiration dribbled over his own neck and head, and his nose filled with the distinctive aroma of the French fragrance that always scented Wiltshire's body. Walker was extremely discomfited but still, he could not break free. He was constantly moving the hands that were tied behind his back in a bid to free them and prevent Wiltshire from getting close.

"Tsk tsk tsk, you are not wearing that beautiful kilt of yours today? This is really inconvenient!" Wiltshire's slender and beautiful hand wrapped around the bulge between Walker's legs, and began to move about with the most dubious of

intentions. Having been divested of its belt, the trousers were shoved to below Walker's buttocks, exposing the male organ that was obscured by his dense pubic hair.

Their previous sexual encounter had been too rushed; there had simply not been enough time for Wiltshire to look closely at Walker's body. Therefore, when the bare body was finally exposed under the sunlight, with nothing to hinder the view, he could not help himself and extended a hand to hold that heavy flesh, narrowing his eyes as he attentively scrutinized and admired the sight. The colour of the hair on Walker's lower regions seemed to be of a darker shade than the hair on his head, it was almost on the verge of being a rich brown; in contrast, the colour of his skin there was actually significantly paler than his upper body, because it had not absorbed the rays of the sun.

"Madman! Pervert! Hurry up and get lost!" When he saw that this Marquess, who possessed such elegant facial features, was staring non-stop at his sex organ as he continued to knead it, Walker felt as though he was on the verge of throwing up. He could constantly feel Wiltshire's unrelenting heat against his bare buttocks; that unspeakable sensation caused his whole body to tremble with disgust.

"Really? So you like to do things quickly! I'll grant you your wish!" A thread of callousness flashed in the depths of Wiltshire's eyes and in the next moment, he ruthlessly thrust his hard-as-iron sex organ into Walker's body. Although he had already prepared himself mentally for this, that type of sharp pain still instantly shot through Walker, paralyzing his entire central nervous system, rendering him completely incapable of movement for the next few minutes.

Dirty! Depraved! So humiliating that one feels that his body is going to break apart! Even though he was born male, he now knew from experience what women who had been forcefully violated felt --- the strong wish that one could immediately drop dead, right at the moment when one was being penetrated against their will!

As Wiltshire was thrusting mercilessly into the very deepest part of his body, in that moment, Walker actually felt a trace of gratification in his heart --- glad that the one who had to endure all of this was not that totally unworldly sister of his, glad that the one who had to endure being plundered to satisfy a cruel appetite was himself and not her.

Thrusting into the body beneath him as violently as a gale-force wind or a sudden deluge, Wiltshire had never ever felt such intense desire before; he felt as though he was about to be reduced to ashes by the heat of that scorching lust.

Only wanting to penetrate into the very depths of this body! Only wanting to pillage all that this man possessed, to make it become his own! The desire was so overpowering that he almost wanted to meld the other man's body with his own; so overpowering that everything appeared to be a blur in front of his eyes. His hand constantly tightened firmly around Walker's chest, holding him so tightly that there was not even a sliver of a gap between the two of them.

At the moment of climax, the intense rush of pleasure caught Wiltshire by surprise, like the tide coming in, wave after wave engulfed his whole body, leaving his limbs relaxed and numb. Again and again, he shot his overflowing desire into Walker's body. By the time he came back to his senses, realized that he had lost control and stiffly withdrew from Walker's body, Walker had already collapsed onto the ground at an awkward angle as if he were a lifeless doll.

Looking at the fresh blood and semen flowing continuously from the inflamed entrance which was still unable to close itself, for the first time in his life, Wiltshire began to have an inkling of what guilt felt like. Leaning over, he helped Walker to sit up and settled him in the crook of his arms before untying the belt that had chafed Walker's hands red and swollen. Wiltshire slowly caressed his body with his fingers and eyes, before finally pressing his own lips upon those luscious lips.

Having just experienced the unprecedented amount of pleasure that this body could bring to himself, how could Wiltshire be willing to let him go so easily? A brand new idea began to gradually take shape in his mind and he promptly decided that he would carry out this game that could make his blood boil with passion right to the very end.

The body under his hands gave a slight quiver; Walker was coming back to his senses after having indulged in a short bout of utter despair.

“You!” If looks could kill, Wiltshire would probably have died a thousand times by now. Walker began to struggle, thinking that he wanted to break free from this embrace. However, the agony that shot through his body from all of his joints made him unable to summon up any strength and in dejection, he again collapsed into the crook of the Marquess’s arms.

“Don’t move!” Using just the one hand, Wiltshire managed to still him. His slender finger slowly probed into that hole which had been stuffed full of his own desire just a few moments before, trying to expel the semen that still remained in Walker’s body.

As fluid flowed slowly from the depths of his body, the strange sensation quickly caused Walker’s face to blanch. Without conscious thought, his hand clutched at Wiltshire’s arm, trying to prevent his finger from going deeper into his own body.

When he felt that the residual semen had just about been totally removed, Wiltshire withdrew his finger. Tearing a strip of fabric off of his silk shirt, he silently helped Walker to wipe away the physical traces of their encounter that were still left on his legs before he got them both dressed as neatly as possible.

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[1]: I’m not sure if this was spoken aloud or not; it is not in quotation marks, but a line further down indicates that it was.

[2]: The word used here is “汗衫 (hàn shān)” which means vest/undershirt. It probably brings to mind the tank-top style undershirts that men wear today, but this type of underwear only came into being during the 20th century. It is more likely that he was wearing what we would now call a shirt. At that time, shirts were considered underwear because it was the layer that was next to their skin, and also, it was not proper to appear in society dressed in just a shirt on the torso; they were expected to wear waistcoats and jackets as well.

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# Jus Primae Noctis Volume 1, Chapter 3 Translation, Part 2

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Thanks to everybody for your support!



## Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 3, Part 2

After everything was put in order, Wiltshire propped Walker up, letting him lean against his shoulder. In this manner, the two people walked together, heading for the edge of the woods.

"If you think that I will forgive you just because you're doing this..." Walker was apparently greatly puzzled and confused by his gentle actions and made this ungracious comment with a gruff voice.

"Hush! Don't Speak. That is, if you don't wish for me to use this thing of mine to gag your mouth!" Wiltshire grabbed Walker's hand and pressed it against his own groin.

When he touched that organ - still fiery hot and hard --- Walker immediately wrenched his hand away, as if he had been scalded. Gazing at Wiltshire with the same look in his eyes as he would use to look upon a monster, he said: "Are you a horse or something? Obviously... obviously, you've already..."

Obviously, he had already climaxed countless times in his body, but incredibly, this man was still sporting an erection. Even though he was also a man, Walker could not understand how he could have such an insatiable sexual appetite.

"That's why I told you not to speak! Now, bring me to your home!"

Walker began to shout loudly: "Are you mad! Why do you want to go to my home? My Lord Marquess, you should amass some good karma [1]! My younger brothers are not even fifteen-years-old yet!"

"Who said that I'm going there to have a look at your brothers!" Wiltshire was seriously affronted by him, "Dear Mr. Robinson, if you think that you can reach home safely without the need for any assistance, then you can crawl back by yourself from this point on!"

Knowing that in his current state, he would indeed find it impossible to walk home without assistance, Walker could only choose to suffer in silence.

The two of them slowly made their way out from the woods; it was already noon by that point and the field was now deserted. "They have probably gone back to the house to have their meals [2]." Walker's face was expressionless as he pointed out a small thatched cottage not far from the field, indicating that Wiltshire should help him over. Never before in his life had the Marquess ever attended to someone like this, but because this mess was of his own making, Wiltshire was obliged to do as he was instructed.

Upon entering that simple and crude shack, Wiltshire recognized at a glance that the three people who were crowded around the table having their meal were the old man and the two young boys he had seen previously. As for the wan-faced woman who was lying on the bed, she should be none other than Walker's mother.

When they saw Walker and Wiltshire come into the house, the three people put down the bowls [3] they were holding in their hands. "Walker, you were gone for so long, where did you go?" The elder of the two boys inquired while he curiously took the measure of Wiltshire at the same time --- although his hair was tousled and his clothes were in disarray, one could still clearly see that he was a member of the elite.

"Sorry to impose on you! I am the Marquess of Wiltshire, the owner of these lands." Wiltshire told the old man, speaking in a refined and courteous manner.

The old man was evidently shocked by Wiltshire's declaration of his identity, and immediately rose up from his chair.

"Good heavens, it's the Lord Marquess! Please have a seat!" He seemed to be totally bewildered and at a loss as he busied himself carrying a stool over for the Marquess to sit down. His panicked demeanour clearly communicated that he had never before had the opportunity to be in the presence of such a highly important aristocrat [4], especially at such close proximity.

When he noticed how his eldest son, Walker, was leaning against the body of the Marquess, the elderly man got a fright and hastened to reprimand him: "Walker, quickly ask the Lord Marquess to have a seat! Go to the backyard, slaughter that hen and cook it so that we can show the Marquess some hospitality..."

"My Lord Marquess had probably not had his midday meal yet, how about having some food at my humble abode?" He turned to address Wiltshire fawningly, using a tone of voice that was distinctly different from the one he had used to speak to Walker.

"Ah, that's not necessary! I have already had my meal [5]." Seeing that Walker was making an effort to prop himself up, as if he intended to leave his side, Wiltshire grabbed hold of him: "Actually, we had just encountered bandits while we were in the woods and to save me, Walker took a fall from the horse and was unable to walk for a time. Therefore, I escorted him back." Not even giving a blink, Wiltshire blithely told this lie and without much thought, he came up with an excuse to explain away Walker's debility.

"Is that so?" It had obviously been a blatant lie, but the old man seemed to believe it unreservedly: "My Lord Marquess is really kind-hearted. The previous matter concerning Winifred was only resolved thanks to your great benevolence, our whole family is deeply grateful to you!"

He already knew that it would have been impossible for Walker to reveal that he had surrendered his own virginity on behalf of his sister but when he imagined Walker attributing Winifred's safe return to his own kindness when asked, Wiltshire could not help but to find the scenario deeply funny.

When he saw that by his side, Walker's face had turned ashen, Wiltshire hurriedly restrained his laughter. Looking to change the subject, he looked at the woman who had been lying unconscious on the bed all this while, and said: "Is this Mrs. Robinson? Is she feeling unwell?"

The old man heaved a sigh and his face took on a look of grief: "Yes. Emily is seriously ill, but we don't have enough money to pay for her treatment. It would seem that any further delays..." His expression looked very pained, and the two boys behind him also bowed their heads.

Wiltshire surveyed the four walls of this bare-bones house. He knew that there were many impoverished people who died of remediable diseases simply because they did not have enough money to pay for medical attention --- from the looks of the woman, it seemed that she did not have the luxury of delaying treatment any longer if she hoped to survive. He sneaked a glance at Walker and saw that the corners of his eyes had turned slightly red; at the sight, his heart couldn't help but be moved.

He cleared his throat, doing his utmost to use a sincere tone of voice as he said [6]: "Mr. Robinson, ever since I had the good fortune of meeting your son previously, I have felt that he is very industrious and honest. In fact, the reason

I have come today is because I want to recommend Walker for a job at a shipping company [7] in London that is owned by a friend of mine. Although the work will be hard, the salary is very high and there will be opportunities for advancement. Walker has just agreed to this, but what are your opinions?"

Seeing that the old man's face had taken on a look of disbelieving ecstasy, as if he did not dare to believe in this good fortune, Wiltshire decided to strike while the iron was hot. Reaching into his purse, he extracted a few gold coins [8] and placed them on the table. "This is an advance payment for six month's work, please accept it first and use it to treat your wife's illness!"

The old man had never before seen such a great fortune laid out before his eyes, and now, he seemed to be so agitated when he saw the display that he was on the verge of bursting into tears. A tremor came over his body, as if he were going to fall to his knees. He said: "My Lord Marquess, I have never imagined that there would be such a kind-hearted person among the nobility! I... I really do not know how to express my gratitude towards you!"

Catching hold of the old man just as he made to kneel, Wiltshire smiled and said: "Walker has just done me a good turn, it is only right that I should do this. Ah, it just so happens that I will be leaving for London tomorrow, he can travel with me. Could I please trouble you to help him pack?"

So saying, Wiltshire turned to face Walker and saw with satisfaction that the man was wearing an infuriated yet conflicted expression on his face --- evidently he knew that he was not in a position to refuse the offer. Deliberately, he used a sweet and cheerful tone of voice to exhort: "Walker, come to the manor door tomorrow and wait for me, we shall set off together. Oh yes! You must not forget to bring that kilt along with you, there will be many occasions in London that will require you to wear it!"

When Wiltshire saw that Walker had balled up his fists tightly --- as if he wanted to commit murder --- and looked as though he was about to breathe fire as he glared at himself, he actually felt extremely buoyant. He turned towards the old man, using a dignified tone, one that befitted his elevated status as a member of the nobility, he said: "Mr. Robinson, we have an agreement then. I shall take my leave of you."

"I will be forever grateful to you, my Lord Marquess, I really do not know how I can begin to repay your kindness..." The old man's eyes were moist and his voice was trembling. It was obvious that in his eyes, Wiltshire had already become a great benefactor to his whole family.

The entire Robinson family initially wanted to escort him all the way back to his manor as a way to honour him; they only gave up on that idea after Wiltshire's repeated protestations. Even after he had ridden off into the distance, he could still see that the old man had not stopped waving at him but beside the old man, Walker only stood by stiffly, as he had done all along. The expression on his face was even more morose than the one he wore after the first time he had been raped by Wiltshire.

Wiltshire spent the whole night alone in his bed, secretly nursing his excitement and anticipation. He was looking forward to the arrival of morning, wishing that it would come sooner.

"Brad, go and have the carriage that was previously used by Her Ladyship, my mother, harnessed to the horses. This time, I want to use that one." He had travelled to London many times before, but never had prospect of the journey ever made him feel so excited. He was just like a child who had just been given a beloved toy for the very first time; his mind was filled with evil plans about how he was going to toy with that man.

"But, my Lord..." Brad was clearly greatly shocked by his sudden whim. "Although that carriage has a very fine exterior, the seating compartment is too narrow, with your Lordship's physique, it would seem that..."

Wiltshire furrowed his brows and said: "Just do what I tell you, don't be so long-winded!" With a look of helplessness on his face, the servant bowed and had no choice but to do as he had been instructed.



When the small carriage that had been designated for the use of the womenfolk in the family had been made ready, a servant had also come to report that the Robinson family had arrived.

When he saw that Walker was dressed in heavy clothes suitable for travelling, Wiltshire could not keep the look of disappointment from his face. Last night, his mind had been filled with fiery images of Walker, being crowded against him as they shared the small carriage, while wearing only his kilt. Although he knew that this was just a silly fantasy, it still caused him to be tormented by lust as he lay in bed, so that he tossed and turned until he finally fell asleep late into the night.

Walker was visibly taken aback when he saw the small but exquisitely crafted carriage. And then, when he realised that two drivers had already occupied all the spaces outside of the carriage that could be used for seating, the expression on his face grew even more panicked.

"I am really sorry. Because there is a problem with the left axle on my preferred carriage, the two of us will have to squeeze into this one." He put on an airy expression as he explained matters to Walker; an expression that let him know with a single glance that Wiltshire was telling a barefaced lie. Wiltshire got his wish, Walker's facial expression changed to one of fury, but it was fury that he was unable to give vent to verbally.

"Walker, you can board the carriage first." He motioned for Walker to enter the carriage before him, and handed his luggage to the coachman to be secured to the top of the carriage before he subsequently squeezed himself into the narrow confines of the carriage.

Although there were two rows of seats built into the opposing ends of the horse-drawn carriage, there was still a serious dearth of space when it had to accommodate two well-built men, who were both around six-feet-tall. Putting on a manner that suggested that he was finding it all to be uncomfortably cramped, he shifted and moved his right leg to the space between Walker's legs.

"This is much better." His snow-white teeth were revealed as he grinned at the Scotsman, and casually shrugged off the fashionable overcoat he was wearing. "It's a little hot, isn't it?" Wiltshire had very long legs, in addition he was deliberately stretching them out, so that his knee was almost brushing against Walker's groin --- almost in a blind panic, the Scotsman tried to shift his body into a position where he could avoid that harassment, but he found that the space was so narrow that he simply could not budge.

"Walker, you have to work hard once you are in London, you must not fail to live up to the Lord Marquess's kindness!" Of course, Walker's father could not see how the legs of the two men were entwined. He raised his head to look up at his son, who was sitting in a magnificent carriage and the melancholia of their parting caused his tears to flow down his face without restraint.

"Papa, don't worry! I will definitely work hard, you have to take care of your health and wait for my return!" Walker clutched at his father's hand --- criss-crossed with protruding veins --- and he could not help but to feel a wave of anguish sweep over his heart. Although he knew that Wiltshire had not extended a helping hand simply out of the goodness of his heart, but the money he had provided would indeed save his mother's life --- all he could hope for now was that Wiltshire's desire for conquest would be quickly sated, at which time Walker himself would be able to regain his freedom and he could then return home to reunite with his loved ones.

"Papa, you have to take good care of yourself, I will come back once I have earned some money! Wait for me!" The carriage had already pulled out of the manor gates, but Walker still leaned out to call loudly in the direction where his father and brothers stood, until the three figures had completely disappeared from view.

### **End of Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 3**



[1]: I'm not sure if the meaning comes through, but he's basically telling Wiltshire that he should do a good deed by letting his brothers off so as to accumulate some good karma in preparation for being judged in the afterlife. It's to do with the Buddhist concept of Narakas. Narakas are hell realms, and a being is born into a Naraka as a direct result of his or her accumulated karma and resides there for a finite period of time until that karma has achieved its full result.

[2]: A note on mealtimes during the 19th century: we now think of dinner as an evening meal but it was not always so. Dinner actually refers to the most significant meal of the day, which can be the noon or the evening meal. The fashionable hour for dinner began to be incrementally postponed during the 18th century. All these changes occurred first in London the further away from London one went, the greater difference there was in meal times, with rural Scotland lagging far behind, still eating dinner in the early afternoon at the end of the 1700s, when Londoners were beginning to dine at six or later. So, it is quite likely that Walker would think of this meal as dinner instead of lunch.

[3]: This is probably a more "Chinese" way of eating. Chinese people tend to hold their bowls in their hands throughout the meal, because we eat rice with chopsticks too, and the only effective way of doing this is to bring the bowl to the lips and use the chopsticks to shovel the rice into the mouth.

[4]: The ranks of the British peerage are, in descending order of importance: Duke/Duchess, Marquess/Marchioness, Earl/Countess, Viscount/Viscountess, Baron/Baroness.

[5]: Wiltshire would probably call a meal at midday luncheon (the abbreviation, lunch was only used from 1823), instead of dinner but it might not be part of his daily routine. From History magazine: "By beginning of the century, the upper class was rising from bed around ten a.m. or noon, and then eating breakfast at an hour when their grandparents had eaten dinner. They ate their dinner at perhaps five or six p.m. Then came supper, sometime between nine p.m. and two a.m.! The rich, famous and fashionable did not go to bed until dawn." Lunch was regarded as a meal for the ladies and men did not routinely partake until the Victorian era.

[6]: Wiltshire uses a very polite way of speaking all throughout this speech. He's using the respectful and formal form of all the words, such as "you" or "your son". It doesn't read much different in English, but it's very different from the way he usually speaks.

[7]: At that time, Britain was in the midst of empire building, and shipping was a very lucrative industry.

[8]: Possibly referring to sovereigns, which are gold coins used as bullion. They were reintroduced in 1817 and each coin was supposed to contain 7.322381 grams of gold.

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Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

# Jus Primae Noctis Volume 1, Chapter 4 Translation



panisal.livejournal.com/24501.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



## Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 4

"Ah, what a touching scene of leave-taking!" Wiltshire could not help himself, he said with sarcasm: "However, Mr. Walker, I hope you have not forgotten --- from now on, you are working for me and you will continue to do so until you have worked off the advance on your salary that I have given you. Be more obedient, don't give me cause for displeasure, or else..." As if he were trying to prove a point, he shifted his body forward and his right knee was suddenly touching Walker's sex organ. His hand also quickly came to caress Walker's thigh, lightly rubbing it in a back-and-forth motion.

"You..." Walker gave a startled gasp, hurriedly he pressed down firmly on that hand which was wantonly roaming all over his thigh and said: "Didn't you say that you were going to recommend me for a job at a shipping company?"

Obviously, the space was already very crowded but Wiltshire still changed sides and seated himself by Walker. It was such a tight squeeze that half of Walker's body almost seemed to be sitting on his lap. "I did say that. But as for whether I will actually do that or not... well, that depends on whether I am happy with the way you serve me over the next few days as we continue our journey..." He stared closely at Walker's face as he waited for him to reply, while with his hand, he slowly undid the buttons on the front of his trousers...

Infuriated, the Scotsman's body started to tremble slightly but when he thought of how his family was still waiting for him to return home after having earned some money in London, he could only clench his fist and lean his body against the wall of the carriage in an effort to curb his urge to commit murder. When he saw how angry the man was, Wiltshire grew even happier. He slid his hand into the trousers, seeking out the male sex organ that was hidden among the lush growth.

As he slowly kneaded that vulnerable flesh, he was admiring the complex play of emotions that showed up on Walker's expression --- one where humiliation mingled with irresistible pleasure.

"Ah..." In the small compartment of the carriage, Walker strove hard to stifle his voice, fearing that he might be overheard by the coachmen. From time to time however, moans would spill out from the corner of his lips, progressively causing the atmosphere of the tiny space in the carriage to fill up with the flavour of eroticism.

Originally, Wiltshire had only intended to have some fun toying with Walker but when he buried his face against Walker's back and breathed in his unadulterated masculine scent, the result was that Wiltshire consequently came to find that he was already past the point of being able to restrain himself. Freeing a hand, he undid his own trousers. His desire had long ago become distended as the blood flow had increased to that area and, released from its confines, it immediately sprang up, holding itself erect in the air.

Walker could feel that Wiltshire undoing his belt and then shoving his trousers down to expose his buttocks. The action scared him so much that his eyes flew open but his eyes were immediately confronted with the sight of Wiltshire dragging his hips in the direction of his massive desire, attempting to seat him down upon it.

"Ah..." In the next moment, the feeling of that thick, hard and enormous object entering into his body caused him to scream uncontrollably. Desperately, he writhed around, trying to escape this form of torture, but it only allowed Wiltshire to penetrate even deeper.

"Heavens, let go! Let go! Let go of me, you pervert! Why do you want to do such things?!" Walker's hand spasmodically clenched and released, he was in so much pain that he almost wished that he were dead. He was sprawled over the seats on the opposite end of the carriage and pounded on them mightily with his fists but he still could find no relief from the bone-piercing agony.

"You! Stop Moving!" As Wiltshire shouted, he desperately tried to hold Walker, who was still struggling desperately, down. But the fact of the matter was that they were travelling along bumpy roads, and even if the two of them had remained stationary, Wiltshire's sex organ would still be constantly thrashing around in Walker's body. Walker was in such pain that his whole body was shaking and his fingers almost seemed to have made imprints upon the walls of the carriage.

At this time, Wiltshire could not help but to be thankful that the carriage he had chosen to use was his mother's extravagant coach. It was lavishly decked out in sumptuous velvets, making for excellent sound-proofing, and he need not worry that the coachmen would hear any strange sounds coming from the carriage compartment. In an effort to alleviate Walker's suffering, he tried using one hand to stimulate his sex organ, while the other hand sought out Walker's nipple under his clothes and began to tease it.

Wiltshire's continual caresses did indeed allay a little bit of Walker's pain but his brows were still knitted in a frown and he continued to give low groans. Unfortunately, they only served to inflame Wiltshire's beastly desires once again. Accompanied by panting that grew heavier and heavier, Wiltshire began to rock his waist in small movements, feeling Walker's whole body tauten in response. All of his muscles were sharply defined, making him look even sexier and causing Wiltshire to burn with desire, almost to the point of insanity. He growled, thrusting himself deep into Walker's rectum before lifting him up so that he almost slipped out of his body, and then he fiercely pulled him back towards himself. After this had been repeated several times, Walker had been tortured to the point where he had lost even the strength necessary to cry out. Unable to resist, he could only resign himself to letting Wiltshire mount him to his heart's content.

Finally, with a loud groan, Wiltshire began to shoot wave after wave of hot emissions into Walker's body and his whole person became powerless and limp due to having indulged in debauchery to excess. As for Walker, he slowly struggled to climb off Wiltshire's knees. Propping both of his hands on the seats facing them, he squatted on the floor of the carriage.

At that moment, Wiltshire thought that the Scotsman was crying. Worried, he turned his head around, only to find that there was absolutely no expression on his face. Not wishing to let Walker know that he had been worried over him, Wiltshire endeavoured to hide his true feelings behind cruel taunts.

"What? Did I pound you too hard, and now you can't even speak?"

When he saw Walker glaring at him with a ferocious look in his eyes, Wiltshire gave a slow smile --- in the end, the Scotsman still managed to regain his dauntless spirit.

"You are truly perverted!" Propping himself up on a hand with some difficulty, he managed to pull up his trousers, which had fallen to his ankles before he was once again pulled into Wiltshire's embrace.

Not waiting for Walker's mouth to spit out any more crude words of abuse, Wiltshire sealed it off with his own lips. Compare to the previous one, this kiss was much wetter, much hotter, much deeper. Walker continuously tried to back away, to avoid being burned by Wiltshire's scorching passion, but the Marquess pursued him, so that he ended up being pressed against the wall of the carriage.

Trapped with no means of escaping, Walker's lips and tongue were sucked on by Wiltshire in the most intimate way, as if he wanted to stir up Walker's emotions. Unable to swallow in time, saliva constantly dripped from the corners of his mouth. Wiltshire was the sort who would always take a mile if he were given an inch, and he slipped his hands under Walker's shirt, stroking those nipples which had already turned red and swollen under his previous ministrations. When he felt Walker shivering from the sensations that came from the sensitive spots, he took the opportunity to probe his mouth even more deeply... he only broke the kiss when the two of them became unable to breathe.

At the instant Wiltshire released his grip, the Scotsman seemed to suddenly lose his balance and fell over. In a moment of panic, he unconsciously grabbed at the Marquess's sleeve but this little unintentional action caused Wiltshire to get excited once again --- as if he were a gluttonous wild beast, he bent down and lapped up the fluids by the corners of Walker's mouth and nape that Walker had no time to clean off and forcefully pressed him against the seats opposite that were similarly upholstered in luxurious velvet.

"Don't..." Walker gave a low gasp, and caught hold of Wiltshire's hand firmly. "Don't..." He said once again. The sound was low and full of repressed emotions, and once again, the ferocious beast that dwelt within Wiltshire's heart was tempted.

He brushed off Walker's hands that sought to restrain him, and with the speed of wind, he undid the buttons on Walker's jacket. His patience was dwindling rapidly, and he was unwilling to have to deal with the closures of his shirt, one button at a time. Instead, he simply ripped them apart in one swift motion. When he saw the nipples, which had been so brutally treated by him that had swollen up to become almost translucent, he could not keep himself from biting down on them hard. Pained, Walker tugged hard at the Marquess's hair, trying to pull him away from his own chest but Wiltshire stubbornly refused to release him.

While he continued sucking on Walker's chest, Wiltshire groped around for Walker's legs and lifted them up while burying his own body into the space between his thighs. Walker had not had the chance to secure his trousers with his belt, and now, Wiltshire pulled them down again. Giving a low growl, he again entered into that little cavity which still contained the results of his lust from the previous round.

When the activity started, Walker still tried to use his hands to shove the Marquess away from his body but when Wiltshire continued to penetrate him deeply with a forceful rhythm, the strength that the Scotsman had concentrated in his arms began to dissipate gradually and the legs that were wrapped around the Marquess's waist began to tighten up unconsciously...

Because of Walker's presence, the journey that would originally have been extremely boring had now become a trip filled with sexual pleasure that brought Wiltshire immense joy and amusement. As the day's journey drew to a close, the two of them had already had sexual intercourse several times in different positions within the narrow confines of the carriage. The Scotsman's initial defiance had already turned into resigned compliance but the awkward positions still caused him to practically lack the strength to disembark from the carriage on his own two legs.

When the two coachmen saw His Lordship, the Marquess of Wiltshire, who usually possessed a bearing even more regal than that of the Prince Regent's, attentively helping the Scotsman down from the carriage, they couldn't help but to look at each other. It was a long time before they roused themselves, as if they were waking from a dream, and followed behind their master as he walked into the beautifully appointed hotel.

"Sir, may I ask if you wish to stay at our establishment?" When he saw the splendidly dressed Wiltshire walk into the lobby, the hotel receptionist immediately came up to him and made his enquiry with a deferential and respectful manner.

"Give me your best suite. Also, please have water for a bath [1] sent up to my room."

When they heard what Wiltshire said, the coachman at his back quickly came up and asked: "Your Lordship, shall

we find a maidservant to assist you with your bath?"

Wiltshire's lips slowly parted as he smiled: "No need, Walker can help me with it. Isn't that right, Walker?" He smiled as he squeezed Walker's hand, hinting that in a short while, exciting games will be staged. Walker's body was still aching all over, and he was in no mood to pay attention to his vulgar jokes. Instead, he bowed his head and remained silent.

Of course the oblivious hotel receptionist could not guess at what was playing out in Wiltshire's mind --- he was expecting everything to go his way and imagining wishful fantasies based on that expectation. Instead, he looked at how plainly Walker was dressed and as a matter of course, he took him to be of the servant class. When he saw that he was going to follow Wiltshire up the stairs while carrying his luggage, he promptly stopped him.

"Sir, please leave the luggage on the ground floor. We have dormitories that are especially for the use of attendants travelling with their masters."

Walker gave a nod of his head and tried to break free of Wiltshire's hands, but he only tightened his grip still further. Following that, he heard Wiltshire say to the receptionist discourteously: "No need, this gentleman can sleep in the same room as me."

Without waiting to hear that person's reply, Wiltshire dragged Walker up the stairs.

After the door to the luxury suite was opened, Walker could not help but be stunned by the gorgeous furnishings --- this was an airy and spacious suite of rooms that had a completely open floor-plan, the colour-scheme that was mainly composed of white and shades of gold fully exemplified the extravagance of the Baroque style [2]. Situated near one of the windows was a bed that was twice as large as the average bed. Soft pillows and cushions, that were as white as snow, were piled on top of it, as if to invite people to burrow themselves into its warmth and softness.

"It would seem that I haven't done you in a bed yet, shall we try it tonight?" As Wiltshire stared at Walker, an alluring image of his naked body, the colour of bronze, lying against and contrasting with the snow-white quilt, flashed across his mind and with that, he could not help but to feel tension taking over his lower abdomen once again.

"My Lord Marquis, we have brought water for your bath..." The sound of knocking on the door disrupted the dangerously explosive atmosphere in the room. As if a great burden had been lifted off of him, Walker dashed over to open the door. When he saw the two servants who were carrying a large wooden cask of water between them, his subconscious was finally able to relax --- what kind of joke was that! Having his body bent and twisted up, over and over again, within the narrow confines of the carriage compartment for most of the day had already drained the strength from his body but at this time, Wiltshire was still looking at him with an alarming look in his eyes --- he looked like he wanted to swallow him whole.

Judging from the expression on Wiltshire's face, he appeared to be quite unhappy that the volatile and unpredictable mood in the room had been dissipated. With a stony look on his face, he said in a throaty voice: "Leave the water, you may go."

As instructed, the servants set the barrel of water down and left, leaving only Walker and Wiltshire in the room, alone with each other once again. When he saw the Scotsman's tight expression, Wiltshire's genteel demeanour rapidly degenerated into one of iniquity and lasciviousness that was obviously meant to be provocative.

Wiltshire slowly removed his clothes, deliberately using movements that would allow bystanders to follow every step of the process. As he shed his garments, he carelessly strewn them on the carpet, and very soon, he was standing naked in the middle of the room without a single stitch of clothing left on his body.

Walker could not bring himself to look directly at Wiltshire's slender, snow-white body, instead he could only bow his head and stand rooted to the spot. However, the rustling sounds of someone undressing and the whoosh of

discarded clothes constantly reached his ears; when he heard them, he couldn't keep himself from imagining how Wiltshire must look at this time, with the result that he had to take a big gulp, swallowing down the saliva in his mouth.

"Walker, come here and help me for a bit." Holding onto the side of the barrel, Wiltshire called out to the Scotsman in an extremely seductive voice.

When he saw that Walker still did not move from his spot, his lovely voice abruptly turned threatening: "If you are not willing to serve me well even for the few days of our journey, then you had better return to Stonehaven right away! But I have some advice for you, before deciding to do that, you should consider the consequences of your actions carefully!"

Knowing that it would be as easy for Wiltshire to deal with him and his family as it would be for him to squash an ant, Walker had no choice but to slowly walk over to Wiltshire's side, albeit unwillingly and with a hundred and one misgivings. "My Lord, what are your instructions?"

When he saw how Walker had decided to resign himself to adversity and bite the bullet, Wiltshire felt that it was an extremely opportune time to reap the benefits.

"The tub is too tall, come and give me a hand." Without waiting for Walker's reply, Wiltshire had already stretched his right arm around his shoulders, leaning half of his bodyweight onto his body. "Wrap your arms around my waist so that I can use your knees as a stepping stone."

Having no other recourse, Walker had to extend his arms to hold his waist and allow him to step on his thighs so as to get into the bathtub. Having his hand touch Wiltshire's naked body already caused his heart and mind to be all shaken up, but when the Marquis stretched his legs as he went into the bath, his huge sex organ was totally exposed right before Walker's eyes and more than ever, Walker did not know where he should look.

"Help scrub my back." Stuffing a rough piece of cloth into Walker's hand, Wiltshire turned his back towards Walker in a leisurely manner. Know that his refusal would only incur even greater humiliation, Walker could only choose to accept the washcloth in silence.

As he was enjoying Walker's services, Wiltshire was secretly admiring the image reflected by the water --- Walker was wearing a serious expression as he scrubbed at his back firmly while perspiration constantly dripped down his cheek, running down that suntanned neck before disappearing beneath his clothes...

When he imagined the trajectory of the beads of liquid as they progressed down his body, Wiltshire could not help but to get a feeling of tightness in his groin.

"Stop scrubbing!" His voice was low and deep, even Wiltshire himself could hear the barely-controlled lust in it.

When he saw how Walker halted what he had been doing and looked at him embarrassed and at a complete loss, Wiltshire decided not to prolong this superfluous foreplay that was tormenting his patience.

"Take your clothes off and get into the bathtub."

Although he already knew that matters would develop into this, but at the moment when he actually heard Wiltshire say those words, Walker was still confounded, not sure how he should react.

Seeing that Walker looked as if he were in a daze, Wiltshire took a direct and efficient approach; grabbing hold of Walker's jacket, he stripped it off and threw it onto the floor. That done, he dragged Walker, who was still wearing his shirt and pants, into the tub.

"Don't! The clothes have gotten all wet!" As if he had been startled awake from a dream, Walker struggled and tried



to escape, but Wiltshire was hugging him by the waist.

As he tore off the clothes that remained on his body, Wiltshire hungrily bit and nipped at the back of his neck, sucking on it and causing a series of dark red love bites to be imprinted upon the skin there. Knowing that resistance would only be an exercise in futility, Walker clutched at the edge of the tub bitterly and closed his eyes, wearing a look of resignation on his face as he let Wiltshire strip off his clothes.

“Do you think that you will have an easy time by doing this?” When he saw Walker’s expression, Wiltshire gave an evil laugh, “Darling, there are still many amusing things left to do, did you think you have already experienced them all?” He was smiling as he whispered into Walker’s ear and watched with satisfaction as he saw his face turn pale.

In one move, Wiltshire took hold of Walker and settled him onto his own lap, so that they were face-to-face. Pulling at his hand, Wiltshire wrapped it around his own neck and began to probe at that honey-sweet and tight entrance at Walker’s behind.

The feeling of a finger entering into his body brought with it a discomfort that caused all the muscles of Walker’s body to tremble for a while. But in the final analysis, the violations that had been perpetrated by Wiltshire during the day had already relaxed that tight hole considerably and caused the shout that had reached his mouth to turn into a low moan, which he choked down.

The water was very hot, but Wiltshire’s erect sex organ was even more searingly hot than the temperature of the water. From time to time, it brushed against Walker’s inner thighs, causing him to close his eyes tightly. He had originally intended to keep his emotions on an even keel, but when Wiltshire lifted his thighs as they rested at his sides and attempted to enter his body from below, his resolve collapsed.

“It hurts... ah...” Walker struggled frantically, trying to extricate himself from this wrenching, vile pain, but Wiltshire held him in place firmly by assuming a position that trapped his legs. His legs were in the air; this caused his anus to open up fully, allowing Wiltshire’s gigantic penis to be fully inserted into his body and with several thrusts, it quickly pushed against the depths of his rectum.

“It’s very painful! Let go... let go...” The feeling of having his guts stirred by Wiltshire’s stiff length caused Walker to issue screams. However, fervid desire caused Wiltshire to ignore his expression which had been warped with pain. His arms continued to jerk the male body in his embrace up and down --- immersed in water, the additional buoyancy aided him and allowed him to manipulate Walker’s strong body easily and his own huge penis penetrated deeply into Walker’s body again and again.

The wild and depraved position caused Wiltshire to experience potent pleasure that he had never before experienced. Feeling Walker’s body tremble in pain as it was pressed up against him awakened the beastly nature that lurked within him still further. Not content with just moving his waist back and forth, Wiltshire lifted Walker up high, until the sex organ that had been inserted into his body slipped out and then, at the very moment when every muscle of his body had tightened in pain because of his sudden withdrawal, he drove his lower body upwards. Following the muffled sound produced by the friction of flesh rubbing together, his stiff organ swiftly once again penetrated into the narrow hole that was still not fully resealed...

“Uh [3]...” Walker gave a muted groan, the sudden attack caused a sheet of black to descend before his eyes but when Wiltshire promptly repeated the manoeuvre of pulling out before thrusting back in, his consciousness was almost thrown into a tizzy. Lacking the strength to preserve what little remained of his self-respect, the area that was deeply conjoined with Wiltshire seemed to be the only thing left of his body, and the blazing pain caused him to forget himself and groan unreservedly, until Wiltshire shuddered and released his fiery desire deep into his body.

**End of Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 4**



[1]: Running tap water was very rare until the second half of the 19th century, when it began to propagate in what are now the developed countries. Water was boiled in pots over the fire and poured into a bathtub for those that could afford a bathtub. Because there was no running water in most places, many bathtubs are also not fixed to the ground. Many of them had handles and a little drainage hole at the bottom so that the tub can be taken outside and drained.

[3]: The Baroque is a style in art and architecture developed in Europe from the early 17th to mid-18th century, emphasizing dramatic, often strained effect and typified by bold, curving forms, elaborate ornamentation, and overall balance of disparate parts. Ballroom of the Catherine Palace in St Petersburg that is done up in the Baroque style:



[3]: 呃 (È): This is supposed to be a hiccupping sound.

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**5941**

# Jus Primae Noctis Volume 1, Chapter 5 Translation



panisal.livejournal.com/24634.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



## Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 5

“Oh God!” Wiltshire's frenzied savagery scared even himself, and he could not help but blurt out an exclamation as he clutched Walker's limp and weak body to his bosom.

At the age of twenty-six, he had already gone through countless bed partners, but only Walker had ever brought him pleasure such as this, which bordered on the ruinous. The fervent passion that overtook him whenever he made love [1] to this Scotsman scared even Wiltshire himself.

Having endured intense torture numerous times in the span of a day, Walker's body had been greatly harmed. Although he wished to struggle free of Wiltshire but during the course of their activities, his pair of legs had been splayed open to their limits and they were now stiffened. Unable to bend, they could only remain in the same position, that is, hanging around Wiltshire's waist.

Wiltshire's sex organ remained inside his body but neither of them had the strength to move as billowing steam and the strong scent of vigorous sex pervaded the air of the entire room.

Only after an indeterminate amount of time had passed did Wiltshire slowly prop Walker up, allowing his own sex apparatus to slip out from Walker's body. Because Walker could not manage to stand steadily under his own power, Wiltshire cursorily cleaned both of their bodies with water that had already gone cold before carrying him to the bed.

The Scotsman had nearly lost consciousness because of the excessive torture he had endured; his flaxen-coloured eyes almost appeared to have faded to a gray hue. His parted legs were still unable to close and his groin was now an angry red colour, as Wiltshire had rubbed at it forcefully during their encounter when he seemed to have lost his reason. As if it were a wad of crumpled cloth, it lay shrunken between his wide-open legs --- at the same time that Wiltshire had been brought to the pinnacle of pleasure, all Walker had been given had been hellish agony.

In an effort to forget the feelings of sinfulness and guilt in his heart, Wiltshire attempted to speak of other things: “Want to try out the scented massage oil that the emissary from Turkey presented to the Prince Regent as tribute? I've heard that just one drop can make the Sultan's concubine become completely relaxed, you will definitely like it.”

Before all this, if anyone had ever told Wiltshire that he would someday use such a gentle tone of voice to speak to another man as he expressed concern over his well-being, Wiltshire would surely have scoffed disdainfully. However at this moment, when he retrieved a bottle of scented oil and smeared some of its contents onto the Scotsman's body, his movements were as gentle as if he were tending to an infant.

His hands skimming over the strong muscles that were bunched up due to tension, Wiltshire applied the unguent to every part of Walker's body, as if he were intent on using up all the precious scented oil that the bottle contained. What had began purely as an act of atonement gradually began to change and became caresses that were coloured by extreme eroticism. His fingers slid over Walker's skin in an arousing fashion, refusing to let go of his sex

organ even after his hand had lingered over that area more than a dozen times.

When he saw that the bronzed muscles were now glistening under the lights because they had been thoroughly anointed with the valuable oil, the sight of that bewitching body, together with the heady fragrance in the air, caused Wiltshire to become intoxicated with lust. As he leaned down to press a kiss onto Walker's cheek, the Marquess could not keep himself from pressing his whole body against Walker's.

"Ah, it smells so good! Now there is only one place left that hasn't been covered by the oil..." He smiled like a drunkard, and slowly sank an oil-coated finger into that place in Walker's body that had already been made to bear the brunt of his desire countless times...

His finger rapidly sank into the swollen, hot and narrow hole.

The injured muscles had become numb to pain, but the peculiar feeling that continuously emanated from that area caused Walker to writhe his body around unconsciously, "Ah..." Lovely moans constantly escaped from his lips, he trembled and squirmed under Wiltshire hands, craving for Wiltshire's fingers to penetrate him deeply, as if he were the most licentious whore.

When Wiltshire came to the realisation that the scented oil he had been using actually contained aphrodisiacal qualities, it was already too late. Walker's body was already burning with a heat that was even hotter than fire, his face was suffused with an abnormal flush, he kept on twisting his body to meet Wiltshire's hand and indistinct noises issued from his throat, calling out for Wiltshire to give him more relief...

When his gaze fell upon Walker's sex organ, which was standing erect in excitement, Wiltshire immediately felt so alarmed that he broke out in cold sweat and he climbed off of Walker's body. As he recalled the secretive smile --- one the seemed to hide ulterior motives --- that Thuram had worn when he had presented this bottle of scented oil to Wiltshire, he finally understood what "only one drop can make the Sultan's concubine become completely relaxed" actually meant.

Damn it! And he had applied nearly the entire bottle of it to Walker's body.

Walker seemed to have completely forgotten about the existence of the Marquess; in fact, the flaming lust seemed to have even caused him to descend into a state of utter confusion. His eyes were squeezed shut, his muscular bronzed-coloured body writhed continuously on the snow-white bed sheets, his legs rubbed against each other unconsciously and his hand was groping towards his lower body...

Looking at the unrestrained picture of spring [2] displayed before his eyes, Wiltshire's rationality could no longer reign in his desire to completely possess the man in front of him. He gave a low growl and flipped his body over to press down upon Walker's heavily...

A series of hot, wet and deep kisses descended upon Walker's lips, neck, and continued in an unbroken string down his chest and abdomen. The Scotsman's skin was now extremely sensitive, to the extent that he could not withstand the sensation of the Marquess's long hair trailing over his body. Every time the golden strands of hair brushed against him, Walker's muscular chest would rise and fall like the waves of a stormy sea. The tumescence that was gripped in Wiltshire's hand was also fiery-hot with lust, and he called out fiercely as his need to release his desire escalated.

"Wait a while more!" Wiltshire gently chided in his ear, as his left hand lifted Walker by the waist and settled him into his embrace while his right hand encircled Walker's penis and began to move up and down at a steady pace that was neither hurried nor leisurely.

"Uh... uh..." Walker was moaning and gasping hard for breath as his fingers clutched tightly at the sheets he lay on and his body trembled as it twisted to meet the movements of Wiltshire's hand. As he saw that the Scotsman's

desire was continuing to expand and twitch as he held it in his hand, and a transparent fluid had began oozing out from the tip, Wiltshire gave a smile and clenched his hand tightly around the hard, fiery hot length. With his thumb, he mercilessly sealed off the opening that was constantly emitting fluid...

"Ah..." The pent-up desire caused Walker's whole body to tense up, he couldn't help but to throw his head back violently and both of his hands reached towards his lower body in an attempt to break the impediment that Wiltshire had created.

"Darling, how can you be the only one who gets to be happy? It is only right that we should play together!" Lifting up Walker's waist, Wiltshire inserted his fiery-hot desire into his body from behind. The scented oil had caused Walker's sphincter to become soft and smooth, and it accommodated him perfectly within an instant. The exceptionally elastic inner walls of that channel also contracted rhythmically, bestowing upon Wiltshire wave after wave of stimulation that was accompanied by ecstasy that he felt right down to his bones. He could not help but to start moving his waist vigorously and the hand that he had used to clamp down on Walker's sex organ resumed stoking it in an up and down motion.

Because his insides had also been daubed with the scented oil that contained aphrodisiac, there was no trace of the pain that usually accompanied this act. Walker only felt a tingling sensation radiating from his back entrance repeatedly and wave after wave of pleasure ripped through him; as quick as lightning, they went right to the marrow of his bones. The stimulation was too intense, he could not help but to tear up at the corner of his eyes and began to make pleas that he would certainly never have said had he been sober: "A bit deeper... even deeper... oh, God... oh... God... I'm going to die! Oh, God, save me..." Tears kept on tumbling out from the corner of his eyes, dripping onto the bodies of the two people, which were pressed tightly together.

Wiltshire's lucidity vanished, faced with the tears that Walker had shed under the sway of passion, it scattered like a rainbow fading into the sky. He completely forgot about everything, save for the ardent body in his arms and in the instant that his blistering desire was released in spurts within that body, he felt that he had already ascended to heaven...

But all that was just the beginning; for the next several hours, Walker continued to seek pleasure because he was still under the influence of the aphrodisiac. Although Wiltshire was totally enamoured with the way the strong Scotsman moaned and writhed in his arms, but when this state of affairs continued even after midnight, even he couldn't help but to complain repeatedly. However, having Walker's torrid body wrapped around him caused the Marquess to willingly continue to sink into a boundless ocean of lust together with him, until their over-indulgence finally caught up with the two of them and they were both too exhausted to move even a hairsbreadth....

The next day as they continued their journey, Walker sat stiffly in the horse carriage with his face ashen --- upon waking up early in the morning earlier in the day, he had come to discover that he was locked in a tight embrace with Wiltshire, the two of them did not have even a stitch of clothing on while their bodies were closely entwined with the other's from their chests to their lower limbs. In addition, his lower abdomen and thighs were covered with the traces of what had transpired, promptly reminding him of their passionate entanglement the night before.

At the moment, the pain in his over-used back entrance was such that it seemed as though it had been set ablaze and to compound his problem, the road the carriage was travelling through today was also exceptionally bumpy, causing him to contort his face in pain several times, because of the acute pain that propagated from his behind.

Leaning lazily against the windows of the carriage as he admired the scenery along their route, Wiltshire's mind was still preoccupied by thoughts of the astonishing passion of the previous night. Every time he glimpsed the fierce twitching of the corners of Walker's mouth as the carriage was jolted, a slight ambiguous smile would grace the corners of his own lips.

"Come over here, don't force yourself to endure it anymore." After a particularly fierce jolt of the carriage caused



Walker to issue a muffled cry that he could not suppress, in one swift move, Wiltshire pulled him over and placed him on Wiltshire's knees.

Holding onto Walker's body, he could not keep himself from bending his head down to plant a kiss on his hairline, which still carried the faint fragrance of the scented oil. After struggling mightily for a while, in the end Walker still had to choose to submit due to the extreme physical discomfort his body was in.

In silence, he lay on Wiltshire's lap and gave a soft sigh --- fate is a fickle mistress, where was it going to lead him in the end?!

Although Wiltshire wished that this journey could continue forever, in reality, the distance between Stonehaven and London could be covered in three days. During that night in the hotel, the both of them had expended too much energy, especially Walker, whose condition was so serious that he had almost lost the ability to stand up. For the next couple of days, Wiltshire did not dare to force him to make love again, but at night, he still hugged him close as they went to sleep together. On this evening, the horse carriage transporting the two men rolled up to Wiltshire's residence in London, which was located in Leicester Square [3].

Although the fiefdom of Wiltshire's family was Stonehaven, but the Marquesses of Wiltshire had began residing principally in London starting from the previous generation. In reality, he viewed the ancestral home in Stonehaven as merely a vacation home. And as for his residence in Leicester Square, it was superior to his manor in Stonehaven in every respect, from its amenities to the number of servants employed.

By the time the horse carriage had reached London, the sky was already pitch-black, but the whole of Leicester Square was brightly illuminated by the glow of candlelight [4]. More than forty servants were lined up in two rows before the front door to welcome their master upon his return. As Wiltshire stepped out of the carriage, the assembled servants bowed deeply and shouted out in unison: "Welcome back, Lord Marquess."

Walker, who had followed behind Wiltshire as he alighted from the carriage, was a little bit alarmed at this display. He had already felt that the manor house in Stonehaven was too excessively magnificent, but the scale of the residence in Leicester caused him to finally understand the true meaning of aristocratic extravagance --- the three-storied edifice was huge but exquisitely designed; like a white-coloured giant, it towered over the east side of Leicester Square and beautiful carvings decorated every feature of the building. Hanging above the porch was a huge family crest; comprised of complex curlicues and lines, it was a brilliant example of the extravagant style that was currently in fashion.

"The journey must have been hard on Your Lordship. Your room has already been made ready for your use, and hot water has also been prepared for your bath. Does your Lordship have any further instructions?" A man came forward, he looked like a butler and seemed to be over fifty years old, and he spoke to Wiltshire with an attitude of humility.

Wiltshire was evidently rather fond of this butler. He smiled as he turned back and said to Walker: "What do you think? This butler of mine is not bad, right? Franklin has been serving our household ever since he was a boy, even the Prince Regent has praised him as being even more outstanding than the stewards of the royal court."

As he listened to his master's commendations of him, the butler, whose name was Franklin, did not even register the slightest change in his facial expression. Even the incongruous and shabbily dressed Walker only merited a bland look from him, and without speaking further, he led the two of them into the entrance hall.

"Get them to have the bath water sent up. Walker, follow me upstairs." After Wiltshire pulled off his gloves and handed them to Franklin, a maid immediately came forward to help him remove the heavy travelling coat he had been wearing. He turned around, intending to lead Walker up the stairs but was blocked by Franklin, who had moved to stand in his path.

"My Lord, may I enquire as to who this gentleman is..." Franklin looked at Walker, although his expression was deferential, a gleam of suspicion showed in the depths of his eyes.

"This..." Wiltshire was momentarily at a loss for words, not knowing what sort of title he should give to Walker.

"He is a friend I met while I was in Stonehaven." A long time passed before he finally managed to concoct an identity for Walker that was not too farfetched.

"Please allow me to arrange a guestroom for this gentleman's use." Franklin bowed slightly as he spoke, but there was an unmistakable ring of authority in his tone of voice.

"No need..." Wiltshire wanted to say that Walker could sleep together with him, but the sternness in the old butler's eyes caused him to swallow the words in his mouth --- after all, London was a capital of vice where rumours always seemed to be spreading as if they were carried by the wind itself; if he insisted on sharing a bed with Walker tonight, it was very likely that by tomorrow, rumours would have spread throughout the city about the Marquess's male pet. At this period of time in England, although many members of the aristocracy did seek out the company and services of rent-boys in private, but even someone as powerful as the Prince Regent would also never dare to openly discuss the intimate homosexual relationship he had with Earl Thuram.

When he thought of what vicious things the mouths of the upper-class ladies would be saying about the relationship between Walker and himself as they hid them behind their fans, even someone as wanton and iconoclastic as Wiltshire did not dare to insist on having his way. His demeanour was calm and collected as he nodded, deciding that he would heed the advice of the highly experienced butler.

"Franklin, then I must trouble you to handle this matter."

"Yes, my Lord. In addition, do you wish for Maggie and Sophie to serve you when you have your bath?"

When he heard the butler's question, Wiltshire's departing footsteps paused for a beat.

"Sure." Nothing abnormal could be detected from the sound of his voice but somehow, Walker could vaguely sense his displeasure.

Followed by two young and pretty maids, Wiltshire went upstairs. The Butler's eyes followed his master until he finally disappeared from view, before he finally turned his attention to Walker.

"Sir, please come with me." Although his manners were still irreproachably impeccable, the Butler's attitude was clearly much colder than it had been when he was speaking to Wiltshire.

Walker hurriedly grabbed a hold of the luggage by his feet before following in the Butler's wake. At first, he had thought that the Butler would bring him to a random room within this huge building, but in the end, under his leadership, Walker passed through the vast gardens before he was finally brought to the door of a small building that was some distance away from the main mansion. After pushing the door open, the Butler handed the candle in his hand to Walker.

"Sir, it is already very late and we do not have enough help on hand. Therefore we must trouble you to tidy up the room yourself." Obviously, the estate employed dozens of servants, but the Butler said things like "do not have enough help" nonchalantly, clearly showing that he was bullying Walker.

To be able to escape from whatever tortures Wiltshire had in store for him already had Walker jumping for joy in his heart, so of course he would not be bothered about whether the butler's attitude towards him was good or bad.

"Thank you very much, I can tidy up by myself."

Walker looked on as the butler departed, before he proceeded to enter the small building while carrying the candlestick. Mindful of the creaking stairs, he went upstairs and very quickly he found the bedroom.

He could not tell the last time the little bedroom had been occupied, from the bed sheet to the quilt, everything exuded a musty smell. Walker had long been accustomed to doing housework since it was part of his duties at home, but it still took him quite a while to clean up the bed. By the time he got undressed and went to bed, it seemed to be nearly midnight [5].

As he scented the damp air wafting up from the pillow, Walker felt as though he had been transported back to that little cottage in Stonehaven. At that place, he passed each day peacefully with his family, their lives might have been arduous and impoverished, but they loved one another... however, Wiltshire had cruelly ripped him away from that warm and loving home. Even if the money he had provided did indeed save his mother's life, Walker was still unable to feel any sort of gratitude towards him.

## End of Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 5

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[1]: A note on the language used here: I'm not softening it by calling it love-making/making love. The words used in the original text are “做爱”, the first word is make and the second is love. So, that's exactly what the author calls it.

[2]: Spring is often used as a metaphor for sexuality in the Chinese language.

[3]: 莱希克广场 (lái xī kè guǎng chǎng): Leicester Square is my best guess. Many grand mansions were built in the area, starting with Leicester House in 1635. By the 19th century, Leicester Square was known as an entertainment venue, with many amusements peculiar to the era. Several hotels grew up around the square, making it popular with visitors to London. The square remains the heart of the West End entertainment district today.

[4]: Oil or gas lighting would probably have been more accurate if the setting is indeed Regency London.

[5]: Walker might be unsure of the time because it was unlikely that he owned a watch. Watches were a luxury item at that time, because they were not mass-produced yet.

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Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

**5840**



# Jus Primae Noctis Volume 1, Chapter 6 Translation



panisal.livejournal.com/24968.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



## Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 6

Enjoying the freedom of solitude, the exhausted Walker gradually drifted into the land of dreams --- this was the first time he had felt so comfortable in days. Although the evil Wiltshire had not demanded to make love to him for the last couple of days, but every night, he still forced him to strip naked and share the same bed as him. Furthermore, once on the bed, Wiltshire would wantonly feel him up and manipulate his body, making it impossible for Walker to have a restful sleep.

"Dong dong dong... [1]" The strange noises coming from the window startled him from the cosy state of being half-awake and half-asleep, thwarting his hopes of having a peaceful night. He struggled to his feet and went to open the window, but the sight that met his eyes was a face that he did not expect to see at all.

"Hello [2], Darling, were you already asleep?" Barely dressed, wearing a dressing gown, Wiltshire climbed through the window with a roguish smile on his face. Because of the cold, he constantly stamped his foot on the floorboards and proceeded to nestle into Walker's quilt, completely without obtaining Walker's approval.

"Oh my god! It's so cold that I could die. Why did Franklin assign you to such a place, it's all his fault that I nearly froze to death while looking for you. But fortunately, I still managed to find you!" Wiltshire gave a sniff of his nose and extended a hand to toss away his dressing gown; it was only at this juncture that Walker discovered that underneath his dressing gown, Wiltshire was totally naked.

"Aren't you cold, quickly get in here!" The person who had caused others to get chilled still had the audacity to play host even though he was really an uninvited guest. With a warm attitude, he lifted up the corner of the quilt and graciously invited the actual owner of the bed to share it with him.

Although he really did not wish to be hemmed in with Wiltshire in a crowded space, the autumn nights of London were really too cold for him to be standing around in just his undershirt and underpants. After hesitating for a while, Walker finally got under the quilt.

The moment he lay his body down, Wiltshire extended an arm and embraced him.

"Why are you still wearing these things, they just get in the way?" The same time as his lips were making complaints, his hands were pulling off Walker's pants.

"What do you think you're doing?" The sudden feeling of having their lower bodies pressed against each other caused Walker's face to flush red immediately. He wanted to free himself from the other man's hand, which was clutching his genitals, but he couldn't move because Wiltshire was clamping down on that vital point firmly.

"What I mean to do... shouldn't that be very clear?" Wiltshire propped up his upper body and looked down into Walker's eyes, aided by the light of the moon. Bathed in the gentle and pure illumination, his insurmountably

gorgeous green eyes sparked with a poignant incandescence; in that moment, Walker was so shaken by his beauty that he found that he was unable to speak.

“Don’t gaze at me with that look in your eyes...” Wiltshire gave a soft sigh, and shifted his body over to press down upon Walker, “If you keep on looking at me like that, I’m going to devour you...” His voice was low and full of bewitchery, as if he were the serpent that had tempted Eve to eat the apple.

Not waiting for Walker to make any reply, he bent his head down and kissed Walker on his full and plump lips. In the stillness and silence of the late night, the sounds of Wiltshire sucking on the tip of his tongue could be heard clearly, and Walker could distinctly feel his lower abdomen being prodded by Wiltshire's sex organ, which had already grown erect.

Originally, he had thought that he had been given the rare chance to have a good night’s sleep tonight, but from the looks of it, Wiltshire had not intended to let him off from the very start --- the feeling of friction caused by the Marquess's glabrous skin constantly rubbing against his own caused Walker, who had already tasted the pleasure that sex could bring, to also become excited, albeit involuntarily.

Though aggrieved to feel that desire was burning throughout his body, bringing with it a contradictory blend --- humiliation and pleasure --- of feelings, it still caused Walker to be unable to keep himself from tightly hugging the body that was pressing down upon his own. There was a tenderness revealed in the movements of Wiltshire's hands that had never before existed, but within that tenderness, there was also an urgency which had been created by abstinence over the past few days.

Subjugated by the irresistible desire, the low sounds of Walker's gasps echoed throughout the room, even the still air seemed to be ignited by their passion. Boiling-hot sweat slowly seeped out from Wiltshire's forehead, neck and body, mingling with Walker's; this was ironclad evidence of the extremely intimate relationship between the two men.

After thoroughly caressing the Scotsman's body with his lips and hands, Wiltshire found that he had gradually become unable to control his own lust. Finally unable to restrain himself any longer, he reached out to lift both of Walker's legs and then, he buried his desire into his body deeply.

“Ah... ah...” Although he had already had to endure this kind of pain countless times, but to be a man who was penetrated by another man, Walker found the anguish caused by his predicament to be intolerable, both physically and mentally. He could not help but to cry out because of the pain, and at the same time, Walker's hands were clutching tightly at the sheets under his body.

Telling himself not to do things in a headlong rush like he had the previous times, Wiltshire reigned in his desire that was clamouring for release, as if his life depended upon it. With excruciatingly slow movements, he pushed his penis into Walker's body bit by bit, gradually reaching the very depths. At the very moment when it was completely inside Walker, he stilled and stopped moving, until he felt the muscles that were enveloping him tightly become accustomed to the intrusion. Only then did he begin to move his body in a slow rhythm.

Walker had screwed his eyes shut; without fail, at times like this, his entire consciousness would seem to be concentrated on that area where he was coupled with Wiltshire --- burning and scalding, the feeling of his muscles contracting before being forcibly stretched apart, extreme pain and humiliation were combined with pleasure that he could hardly bring himself to admit to... the resulting mixture of emotions was a complicated cocktail that made him want to drift with the waves and go with the flow.

“Walker... can you read?” As Wiltshire zealously continued his pistoning movements, he asked a question that had absolutely no relevance to the present circumstances or atmosphere.

At this moment, Walker was existing in a state of being where he had been completely taken over by Wiltshire. His brain felt like a ball of mush; he tried desperately to think, but for the life of him, he could not figure out Wiltshire's

intentions.

In the end, unable to puzzle out Wiltshire's real purpose in asking that question, he could only choose to answer truthfully.

"Yes... my father... Father was once... once a teacher in the village, he taught... he taught me some..." Being tossed around by Wiltshire's rocking movements had caused Walker's brain to be in complete chaos, to the extent that he was unable to complete his sentence.

"Oh, that's good." Wiltshire seemed to be quite satisfied with his answer, without saying anything more, he began to concentrate his attention on the activity between the two of them. Wiltshire increased the speed at which he plunged in and out of Walker's body, and had to bite down on his own lips, desperately restraining himself from giving in to the urge, brought on by the intense pleasure, to shout out. Concentrating all of his desire into that hardness on his lower body, the simple but deeply affecting movements --- deep thrusts coupled with shallow withdrawals --- eventually became numerous blasts of boiling love fluids that he shot into Walker's body.

"Oh god, if every single one of our love-making sessions is going to be so explosive, I think I will not be able to live past thirty!" Dramatically lamenting that the pleasure had been so intense, he gave a long exhale and slowly rolled off Walker's body. He took the Scotsman, who was holding his body in a stiff posture, into his embrace, and quietly revelled in the fact that Walker's body now carried traces of Wiltshire's own scent.

"Why did you ask me that?" Walker's entire body still had remnants of the astounding pleasure that had coursed through him like electric shocks during their love-making and it was quite some time before he had a dim memory of the question posed by Wiltshire.

"Nothing much, it was just a casual question." Wiltshire gently stroked his lover's broad back with his hand and his heart began to perceive something vaguely --- destiny had decreed that his relationship with Walker was not going to be as simple as he had originally thought; it was not going to be some fleeting liaison where the two players were loosely bound together only through sexual desire, perhaps it would last for a much longer time than he had originally expected.

Licking slowly at the soft spot behind Walker's ear, feeling the male body in his arms begin to quake because of this action, he sensed the irresistible heat begin to circulate in his lower abdomen once again...

Always an acolyte of his own desires, Wiltshire would, of course, not hesitate at all before choose to press Walker under his body once again. What was different this time was that the Scotsman was clearly not as submissive as he had been during their last round of love-making. However, although Walker tried to put up some resistance, he was quickly subdued by the Marquess; in the end, he still yielded to his caresses and allowed the Marquess to enter his body from behind. After moving with an intense rhythm repeatedly, Wiltshire finally unleashed all of his blazing passion inside his body.

And so, after this scene had played out for several more times, the two men were utterly exhausted and finally journeyed to slumberland while locked in a tight embrace. Although the pillows and blankets he was lying on gave off a musty smell, the Marquess still had a very sweet and beautiful dream that night --- in his dream, Walker was no longer a Scotsman who was destined to live his life apart from him, separated by the divides of class and gender. Instead, he had transformed into a sweet angel who frolicked playfully with him in a vast, verdant grassland. Although he was still immersed in a dream, Wiltshire could not help but to laugh aloud, delighted by Walker's sweetness and gentle amenability.

"Damn it, Wiltshire, I demand that you wake up immediately! God, what the hell are you laughing at? It will be morning soon if you don't get up now..."

Reality is cruel.

It was nearly dawn when Wiltshire was rudely shaken awake by Walker, interrupting his lovely dreams. For the reason that he was loathe to have his relationship with the Marquess made known to other people, he heartlessly kicked the Marquess out of his room.

Wiltshire cut a sorry figure as he ran through the gardens to his room, wearing only his dressing gown. Along the way, in addition to having to endure the biting-cold winds, he also had to take precautions to evade the eyes and ears of anybody who might be up and about. By the time he was finally back in his own opulently appointed bed, he couldn't help but to give several violent sneezes.

Although it was both exhausting and awkward, but for the next few nights, Wiltshire continued to sneak into Walker's room to make love with him. The little house had already become very fresh and welcoming, thanks to Walker's diligent housekeeping, but what gave Wiltshire the greatest thrill was the furtiveness of having to be stealthy.

In addition to their intimate interactions at night, during the day, Wiltshire would drag Walker to cruise around all corners of London, sightseeing and having fun; however, the splendour of this bustling and immoral city confused the Scotsman. Although he enjoyed first-rate luxuries and entertainment whenever he was with the Marquess, but every day, he would still invariably ask Wiltshire when he was going to recommend him for a job.

At first, helping Walker get a job had merely been an excuse that he casually concocted for the sake of bringing Walker with him to London. Although he did indeed have the ability to arrange for him to work at a shipping company, but by this time, the Marquess had gotten hopelessly addicted to the Scotsman's strong body and pure soul, and was not at all willing to let him leave his side and become some kind of dratted sailor.

But continuing to procrastinate and trying to fob Walker off could not possibly be an adequate solution in the long-term. That afternoon, the Marquess received an invitation card that could provide the catalyst for finally putting an end to this pickle he was in.

The invitation had been sent by the Prince Regent. Truth be told, after returning to London, the Marquess had simply shoved the matter of going to visit the Prince Regent to the very back of his mind. After waiting in vain for Wiltshire to visit him for the past few days, the Prince Regent had finally become unable to keep his impatience in check. Taking the opportunity to host a ball, he used the chance it afforded him to meet with Wiltshire under the guise of respectability.

After receiving the invitation, Wiltshire had been filled with anxiety over the prospect of meeting with the Prince Regent for a good part of the day but Walker still kept on pestering him, wanting to discuss the matter of finding a job for him. A sudden flash of inspiration struck the Marquess, and he handily dragged Walker out the front door, before leading him to the most prestigious tailor [3] in London.

"Find this gentleman a few things that will fit him. He needs jackets, trousers, shirts, cravats [4] and also hats and shoes... we want everything." The moment they had entered the shop, the Marquess pushed the Scotsman in front of the merchant who had come up to give them a warm welcome.

After a few hours, when Walker emerged in front of the Marquess with a brand new look, Wiltshire was so surprised by his transformation that his chin nearly hit the floor.

The strapping Scotsman was now dressed in a spanking new velvet jacket of pure black, a snowy-white shirt and cravat that played up his bronzed skin and chiselled facial features perfectly, form-fitting trousers that clung tightly to his well-muscled thighs... When his gaze fell upon Walker's sensual lips, Wiltshire believed that even the most virtuous ladies in London would be willing to lift their skirts up, right there in the streets, for a man with such a untamed nature and so full of sex appeal.

"They gave you a haircut?" Unfortunately, the Marquess's reaction was not any better than that of the women he had been imagining. His throat was dry, making it almost impossible for him to say anything; in addition, he did not dare

to rise up from the chair because his groin had become heated and distended.

"It was just a little trim, my Lord. The original length of Mr Robinson's hair was too long, obscuring his features. It is a lot better after having been cut, is that not so?" The clothing merchant stepped forward with a winning attitude to offer an explanation; evidently he was immensely pleased with makeover he had given to Walker.

Wide-eyed and dumbstruck, Wiltshire continued staring at Walker, and began to second-guess himself, wondering if his decision to bring Walker to the ball had been wise.

"Sir..." The merchant began to panic slightly as he looked at the expression on Wiltshire's face.

Wiltshire gave a wave of his hand, and using a deliberately casual tone of voice, he said: "There is no need for him to try on the rest of the articles. Just have them wrapped up, and charge the cost to my account."

Hurriedly bidding the merchant --- who was grinning from ear to ear --- goodbye, Wiltshire bundled the Scotsman up the horse carriage. Due to the lust he was feeling, his usually translucent green eyes had taken on the hue and opacity of a piece of turquoise. Unable to exercise restraint any longer, Wiltshire could not keep himself from crushing Walker's lips against his own fiercely.

The degree of zeal that Henry, the Prince Regent [5], had for parties was something that was well-known by every single person living in London. Naturally, his residence, the Bulanmu Palace [6], would also contain the most luxuriously furnished ballroom in the whole of England.

It would seem that a large-scale soiree was held in Bulanmu Palace almost every week. But although they were held with such frequency, the aristocrats in London still view receiving an invite to one of the Prince Regent's parties as an honour. After all, almost everybody who wielded true power and authority in England would make an appearance at these parties.

Besides being known as "the Westminster of the night hours [7]" because almost all of the important personages in England would gather here at night, Bulanmu Palace was also the venue of choice for young upper-crust girls to make their debuts into society. Having had no experience with men and still cherishing their innocent dreams, the dearest wish of those young girls would be to meet their very own Prince Charming at Bulanmu Palace.

Tonight, as per normal, the Bulanmu Palace was brilliantly lit and would stay that way all through the night. Dapper gentlemen and ladies dressed in splendid gowns gathered in the ostentatiously decorated hall of the palace; the men were talking about politics and women, while the women were talking about fashion and men. On the surface, they seemed to disdain each other, but in their hearts, they longed for someone to notice them.

When Wiltshire and Walker stepped into the imposing ballroom at Bulanmu Palace, they were met by this display of vanity and splendour. Dressed as he was in luxurious clothes that he was unaccustomed to, Walker put on a pokerfaced expression and tried to ignore the curious glances directed at Wiltshire and him. Following behind Wiltshire, they proceeded to approach the most powerful ruler in the whole of the United Kingdom, until they were face-to-face with him.

"Your Highness, it has been a long time since we last met." Wearing a slight smile on the corners of his mouth, Wiltshire bent at the waist as he bowed, perfectly performing the required etiquette expected of one when met with a royal, and Walker frantically tried to copy his movements as he too, gave a bow.

"My dear Brett, you have finally decided to make an appearance, and here I was thinking that you must have become besotted by some village girl in Stonehaven!" Though the tailoring of his luxurious formalwear was absolutely flawless, his clothes were still unable to disguise the enormous bulk of the Prince Regent, who tipped the scales at over three-hundred pounds. Earl Thuram, who was standing beside him, appeared to be abnormally dainty in comparison.



Wiltshire's lips parted in a grin, even in front of this highly important and powerful Prince Regent, his elegant bearing and cool poise did not show even the slightest degree of change.

"I had grown tired of the drudgery of life in the countryside. But I have come back to London only to discover that a party in Bulanmu Palace does not make me any happier."

It was rare that any of the nobility would dare to criticise the Prince Regent's party for being boring right to his face, but Wiltshire's boldness only caused Henry to burst out laughing.

"And what could arouse your interest? My dear Brett, perhaps you would be willing to reconsider my proposal? You know that I shall welcome you at any time." The Prince Regent caressed Wiltshire with his eyes, which had a suggestive look in them, trying to use words to entice this fish that staunchly refused to take his baits.

By now, Wiltshire had already become well-versed in the techniques of how to evade the fishing hooks that the Prince Regent cast.

"Your Royal Highness, I think everybody is waiting for you to start the first dance; in addition... with regards to your invitation, I think David would be better suited to your expectations."

Met with Wiltshire's slick refusal, the Prince Regent laughed lightly and said: "Even so, Brett I think that you would not mind coming to the side hall after the ball ends to join me for a drink? I guarantee that David would also be there with us." David was Earl Thuram's name.

"Yes, of course I will go. Your Highness's dance partner for tonight [8] is the Duchess of Isleworth? Did you not notice that she has been looking in this direction with eagerness for a long time?" Wiltshire pointed to the Duchess who was standing about three feet away from them, so overdressed that she looked like a Christmas tree. She was desperately casting glances at the Prince Regent, hoping that he would remember who his dance partner for the night was supposed to be.

"David, I will leave Brett to you. I hope that I will be able to see the two of you right after the party ends." The Prince Regent dragged his heavy body over to the Duchess of Isleworth and the pair of them proceeded to the dance floor together. After the musicians struck up a melody, one after another, the impatient men of the nobility also led their chosen dance partners onto the dance floor and the couples began to spin around.

"My dear Brett, I think you have forgotten to introduce this gentleman by your side." After looking at the Prince Regent dancing at the centre of the dance floor with a smiling expression, Thuram turned his attention to Walker, who was by Wiltshire's side.

"Oh, of course. This is Walker Robinson, he is a distant relation of mine, who has been living in Stonehaven." Casually making up an identity for Walker on the spot; to Wiltshire, fibbing could be said to be an activity that came so naturally to him that it was merely an easy drive on a familiar path.

"How do you do, Walker! I am Davidson Nello Thuram, but you can call me David." The petite Earl Thuram had a face that was even more delicate than a woman's; when he extended his hand to Walker in a gentle movement, his enchanting smile caused the poor Scotsman to be totally at a loss, not knowing how he should respond. When Walker shook the Earl's hand, the feel of that delicate hand in his own caused a blush to overtake his face.

Wiltshire seemed to be quite unhappy when he saw Walker's reaction. Rudely, he tore Walker's hand from Thuram's. He forced himself to give a fake smile and said to his friend: "My dear David, I've suddenly remember that there is something I must attend to, I'll be right back."

Not waiting for Earl Thuram to recover from his surprise, he turned and dragged Walker away, heading for another part of the humongous ballroom. He only let go of Walker when they were in a corner that was far away from



Thuram.

“You may be an aristocrat, but I find that your upbringing must have been worse than mine.” Once they came to a stop, Walker shook off Wiltshire's hand and displeased, set about criticising him.

“Who asked you to look at him with your whole face flushed red like an idiot, damn it!” Wiltshire lowered his voice and gave vent to his own dissatisfaction.

“I... I was only...” Walker's face grew even redder, but only a small part of his reaction could be attributed to anger, it was mainly due to his embarrassment at having Wiltshire bring up what was on Walker's mind.

Frankly speaking, in Wiltshire's eyes, Walker's crimson cheeks looked extremely attractive. If he didn't have any qualms about the setting, he would have kissed Walker fiercely right then and there, until he could be certain that the blush on his face was caused solely by himself.

Realizing that Wiltshire's green eyes had darkened with obvious lust, Walker was given a fright.

“God, don't tell me that right now, you want to...” He did not have enough time to finish his speech before he was pounced upon by Wiltshire and pressed up against the wall. Using the enormous floor-to-ceiling curtains that were beside them to shield them from the prying eyes of others, he hungrily kissed Walker on his lips, while his right hand impatiently gravitated to the protruding body part that was between his legs.

“Are you mad... there are so many people here...” Walker desperately tried to resist, but Wiltshire had seemingly committed all strength in his body into pressing him against the wall, and no matter how hard he tried, Walker could not struggle free.

## **End of Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 6**

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[1]: This is supposed to be a tapping sound.

[2]: Hello was already in English in the Chinese text.

[3]: This kind of shop would probably be called a haberdashery in most parts of the world (meaning, a shop that specialises in men's apparel). But in Britain, this term means a shop that sells small items (such as needles and thread) that are used to make clothes.

[4]: The original Chinese text is 领巾 (lǐng jīn), which my dictionary translates to neckcloth / neckerchief but cravats were what aristocratic men wore around their necks at that time. One way to tie a cravat:



[5]: So, this book is set in a made-up period since there was only ever one Prince Regent in English history and his name was George, not Henry. There are many parallels though, both between the fictional Prince Regent and George IV, and other details. I'll probably continue to use the Regency as a reference for context.

[6]: 布兰姆宫 (bù lán mǔ gōng): I can't think of any palace with a name resembling this, so I'm leaving it in the pinyin. Google Translate says that this is Blenheim, but Blenheim isn't in London.

[7]: 夜之西敏寺 (yè zhī xī mǐn sì'): literally "Night of Westminster". Probably referencing the Palace of Westminster which is the meeting place of the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

[8]: Typically the attendees of balls in the 18th and 19th century would not have "dates" or a single designated partner for the night. A gentleman might request a dance in advance, but saving more than two dances for a particular partner was detrimental to a young lady's reputation. Even two dances signalled to observers that the gentleman in question had a particular interest in her. The day after a ball, a gentleman would typically call upon his principle partner, so a young lady who danced two sets with same gentleman might rightfully expect continued acquaintance with him.

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# Jus Primae Noctis Volume 1, Chapter 7, Part 1 Translation

 panisal.livejournal.com/25283.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore



**This is the longest chapter of all, and also the last chapter of the 1st volume. I'll be splitting it into 3 parts, but they will all be up within a week.**

Thanks to everybody for your support!

## Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 7, Part 1

He had almost been kissed to the point of asphyxiation, and to his shame, Walker found that in reply to Wiltshire's titillation, his body --- long since accustomed to desire --- had given a response that he had no way of hiding.

"Stop pretending, you obviously like me touching you!" Peeling off Walker's defending hands, Wiltshire actually tried to undo the buttons of his trousers right there, in a public place with numerous people...

"Get lost! Don't touch me!" Although he knew that Wiltshire had no sense of propriety, he had never thought that he would be this brazen. Overcome by shame and resentment, Walker put all of his strength into a shove and actually managed to push the Marquess, who was still immersed in a sea of desire, out from the cover of the curtains, and he fell onto the marble floor.

"Goodness, my Lord the Marquess of Wiltshire!"

"It's the Lord Marquess!"

"My Lord Marquess, are you alright?"

The women who were standing close-by shrieked and they all gathered around Wiltshire, who cut a sorry figure as he lay on the floor facing up, which was the position his fall had left him in. With the state of affairs so awkward, naturally Walker could not choose to reveal his presence at this time, and he could only continue to hide behind the curtains.

After having been helped to his feet by the aristocratic ladies, not only did Wiltshire not display even the slightest degree of shame, but he actually turned his face to the heavens and laughed. The ladies were quite clearly stumped by his laughter and could only look at him in confusion, not knowing what they should do.

"My apologies, my apologies! My dear ladies, if I can become the focus of your attention by kissing the floor, I am all too willing to try it a few more times." With much difficulty, Wiltshire finally managed to stop laughing. As he was brushing off the dust on his jacket, he did not forget display the distinctive qualities of his smooth-talking, playboy persona.

"My Lord Marquess, it would seem that not even the pristine countryside has had the ability to make you the slightest bit more virtuous!" A woman, who was wearing a green gown with a plunging neckline, covered her mouth with her fan and giggled, not neglecting to put on a tone that was replete with flirtatiousness as she made a reply to Wiltshire.

"Brett, why did you want to stay in a rural place like Stonehaven for so long? You should know that it was such a

regrettable thing for us not to be able to see you at these parties!" Another woman, whose whole body was adorned with pink lace, chose to address him by his first name to flaunt her close relationship with Wiltshire.

"Yes, oh yes. Also, my dear, you didn't even write a single letter to me! You clearly promised me that you would." Clearly quite displeased by the other two women behaving so familiarly with Wiltshire, a young and gorgeous woman wearing a pearl tiara forced her way to Wiltshire's side and admonished him coquettishly [1] as she leaned against his arm.

Within a short period of time, a dozen or so women were pushing and shoving at each other, vying for a position that was of closer proximity to Wiltshire. The sense of intimacy they had with the Marquess caused Walker to seethe with anger, so much so that he was almost spouting smoke through his seven orifices.

Walker was secretly stewing over Wiltshire's fickle heart and shamelessness when all of a sudden, a pair of strong arms dragged him out of his hiding place.

"Ladies, my apologies. Although I would very much like to chat with all of you for a while longer, I have some important business to discuss with this gentleman. Could I trouble everyone to make way?" His face plastered with a fake smile, he was displaying every courtesy but the hands he had clasped around Walker were like steel pincers --- powerful and merciless.

"Goodness! Brett, who is this gentleman! Could you please introduce [2] me?" When they saw Walker's handsome and strong figure and facial features, the eyes of the gathered women began to gleam; they had already grown tired of looking at the aristocratic males and their so-called elegant comportment, which really just came off as effeminate. One after another, each woman continuously tugged at the Marquess and requested that he introduce Walker to her.

Wiltshire saw that Walker had been squeezed in the middle of a pack of women who seemed to resemble hungry wolves and tigers. From the look on his face, he would appear to be confused and disoriented, and in addition, his face was flushed scarlet. Under these circumstances, Wiltshire was certainly not about to introduce him to any of them. "Apologies! The matter is really very urgent; we shall speak more when we meet up again in a short while. Apologies!" As if his life depended on it, he gripped Walker tightly and struggled free of the encirclement created by the crowd. Walking away quickly, he only released his grip when they were in a lounge by the side of the grand ballroom.

"Wait for me here, I will go look for the Prince Regent right now and after I have spoken with him, we will leave immediately."

Walker was totally confounded by his current attitude of burning anxiety. Before they had left his manor, this person had appeared to be bouncing with enthusiasm at the prospect of attending this party, but now, he looked as though he wanted nothing more than to leave immediately. In any case, when it came right down to it, Walker found it impossible to blend into this type of social occasion, which was full of upper-crust men and women who spoke in such a highfalutin manner, and therefore, he certainly would not object to leaving early.

He watched as Wiltshire walked with hurried steps and disappeared through the door. In his boredom, Walker could only walk towards the bookshelf and pick out a book to read.

"Tennyson [3]? Your taste seems to be rather unusual." After he had been reading for a while, the languid tones of a man drifted from the doorway, interrupting his reading. Walker raised his head and saw that it was Earl Thuram, who was holding a glass of wine in his hand as he looked at him while leaning against the door.

"I've been to Stonehaven numerous times, but I never heard that Brett still had any relatives living in that area." The Earl drained the wine from his glass in one gulp and carelessly threw the vessel away. There was a hint of challenge in the depth of his eyes as he looked at Walker.

Not understanding the Earl's intentions, Walker could only look back at him for a moment, but he soon recovered the ability to behave naturally. "The Lord Marquess and I are only very distantly related, and I do not have any title of nobility, it is only natural that I did not have the opportunity to meet your acquaintance."

"Humph!" The attitude that Thuram was displaying towards Walker was entirely different from how he had behaved when Wiltshire had been by his side. He gave a cold laugh and said with a mocking tone of voice: "More like a relative that suddenly came out of nowhere? I never knew that Brett could be so generous as to put up the money to outfit his poor relations head to toe with expensive clothes and going so far as to bring him along to attend one of the Prince Regent's soirees. "

Walker's expression became hard, dropping the book he had in his hands, he slowly stood up. At six feet tall, he was a full head taller than the Earl. In addition, his broad shoulders and long, well-muscled legs, made his form appear even more intimidating.

Without meaning to, Earl Thuram took a step back, but he very quickly stuck his chest out and met Walker's eyes fearlessly. Undisguised provocation and contempt were written in that pair of azure eyes, causing Walker to be absolutely taken aback; he did not have the slightest idea how he aroused such enmity.

Wiltshire's timely reappearance interrupted the two people as they faced off with mutual hostility.

"Walker..." When he noticed Earl Thuram, Wiltshire was clearly startled, "David, why are you here?"

When he heard Wiltshire's voice, Thuram quickly turned back. As if by magic, the ferocious look on his face was instantly replaced by a gentle and sweet expression.

"Brett, have you found Henry? How did your conversation with him go?" He smiled, and his blue eyes were also filled with a smiling look as they gazed upon Wiltshire.

Walker was utterly incapable of believing that any human could actually alter their mood within such a short period of time and he could only stare blankly at the Earl --- who now looked to be the archetypal angel --- in a daze.

"Nothing much." Wiltshire did not seem willing to speak further; he grabbed Walker with a hand and hurriedly bid his friend goodbye: "David, I'm really sorry, there is something I must attend to, I can only leave first."

"Take care on your way home!" The Earl approached, gave his friend a light hug and even shook hands with Walker very politely before saying: "See you again, Mr. Robinson. Although it was only for a short time, I still feel that speaking to you is a very pleasant thing."

There was nobody who could possibly connect this gentle-faced Earl to the nasty youngster of just a moment ago. Even after he had been dragged up the horse carriage by Wiltshire, Walker still unconsciously touched the hand that had been gripped by the Earl, still unable to make any sense of that performance --- how he had appeared to be a completely different person before and after Wiltshire's appearance.

"What happened, what are you thinking of?" Suddenly, a pair of strong hands was braced on the carriage walls, one on either side of his head, and Wiltshire's face was almost pressed up against his own.

"Hey, don't be like this..." Feeling the Marquess's hands wrap around him tightly, Walker quickly and desperately tried to use his hand to push away Wiltshire's lips, which were closing in on his own. "I really cannot understand why you always become especially excited whenever we get on a carriage?"

"What do you mean I become especially excited when we get on a carriage! God knows how much I wanted you when I touched you just now, but it was just a damn shame that we were at a party thrown by the Prince Regent! It wasn't easy for me to endure till now..." With a look of frustrated desire on his face, Wiltshire did his best to kiss



Walker.

"What do you mean endure till now? Are you a wild beast?" Walker pledged with his life that he would resist this time; God knows that just before they had attended the ball today, Wiltshire's beastly nature had reared its head and he had pushed Walker, who had been dressing, onto the bed! He totally could not comprehend how this Marquess of Wiltshire, with his noble appearance, could have a brain that was seemingly filled with sex and nothing else.

Wiltshire had seemingly decided that he did not wish to waste any more time on talking Walker around. He devoted all of his energy to trying to pin down Walker, but when it only resulted in a lengthy stalemate, he then lifted his hand and drew up the drapes of the carriage.

"Nick, stop the coach." He shouted in the direction of the coachman.

With that, the carriage quickly came to a stop, Wiltshire tugged at the baffled Walker and they got off the carriage together. Without even bothering to turn his head, Wiltshire instructed the coachman to wait for them at that very spot before proceeding to hustle Walker into a dark alley by the side of the road.

"God! Are you mad?" Although it was not yet winter, there was already a slight chilliness to the air during this time of night in London. Wiltshire only halted his steps when they were inside the deserted, narrow and dark alley, by that time, Walker's breathing was already a bit laboured due to the pace Wiltshire had set. In a lowered voice, he made his complaints.

The only reply he got was Wiltshire's powerful arms coiling around him and the sound of his urgent breaths by the side of his ear.

"You are such a..." Before he had enough time to spit out the rest of his words, they were sealed in his mouth by a pair of lips that claimed his own fiercely.

Employing all the tricks and techniques he knew of, he did his utmost to titillate Walker as he kissed him. Lifting up his shirt, Wiltshire's nimble fingers forcefully pinched the little protrusions at the front of his chest.

"Uh..." The harsh invective Walker had wanted to hurl at the Marquess turned into a groan in Wiltshire's mouth. To his shame and humiliation, he found that the Marquess's teasing had rapidly produced a reaction from his body; his legs parted slightly as if they had a mind of their own. Needless to say, Wiltshire immediately seized the opportunity with both hands and lodged himself between them while looping an arm tightly around Walker's waist.

"God, we must be crazy! God forgive me!" The Scotsman was muttering these things in his mouth, but under the sway of his own desires, he still allowed the Marquess to remove his shirt. His burning body was suddenly exposed to the cold winds of the night, causing him to quiver a little.

Touching Walker's warm and naked body with his hands, Wiltshire was completely unable to restrain or enduring the desire raging in his chest. Not giving any thought to their surroundings, he pulled off the valuable jacket and shirt he was wearing, and carelessly threw them to the ground. While both of his hands meandered down Walker's body, following the contours of his strong figure, he could not resist sucking on the little fruits at the front of his chest with his mouth.

"Uh... Ah..." Having his sensitive areas teased in the most provocative way by that moist tongue caused Walker's mind to become a blank slate. The desire on his lower body had engorged so much that it seemed to be a like a piece of red-hot iron, unable to help himself, he wanted to reach out with his own hand and grasp his own erection...

But both of his hands were captured by Wiltshire and twisted behind his back forcefully, spurred on by their maddening lust, the two people totally lost themselves in the moment. The Marquess's tongue traced Walker's well-defined abdominal muscles as it continued to travel downwards, where Wiltshire took Walker's fully erect desire into

his mouth.

When the warm and moist walls of Wiltshire's oral cavity enveloped him, Walker's body quaked violently; but when Wiltshire began to move and stir up that sensitive object in his mouth, in a flash, the Scotsman completely lost awareness of anything else, his conscious mind fragmenting to drift in the cold autumn winds of the London night...

"Ah, let go! Let go! Let me... let me out..." He could not say when exactly he had stopped, but Wiltshire was no longer restraining Walker's hands and yet, all thoughts of resistance had already flown from Walker's mind. Both of his hands were placed on the Marquess's head and they moved up-and-down following the back-and-forth movements of Wiltshire's mouth.

Although his tongue was rotating without restraint, caressing the erection in his mouth in an obscene fashion, both of Wiltshire's hands were tightly clamped around the base of Walker's desire, constraining it and not allowing him to release. Wave after wave of throbbing aches, which also brimmed with pleasure, rose up from the bottom of his lower abdomen; Walker was almost driven to the point of collapse by the desire that clamoured to be released.

"Let go..." Walker's voice had nearly turned pleading; unconsciously, the hand he had placed at the back of the Marquess's head was pressing against it with force, and he was beginning to have difficulty standing upright because his legs were trembling slightly.

The Marquess did not reply, but with the sudden removal of his hands, and the sudden spurting out of his desire that followed it, Walker's climax brought him to the peaks of pleasure, such as he had never experienced before. Yet, even before he had the chance to savour the aftershocks that accompanied that type of pleasure, in the very next moment, he found that his legs had already been lifted.

Using the semen that the Scotsman had shot out, the Marquis entered into the Scotsman's body straightaway. After wild thrusting movements, the two of them reached their climaxes almost simultaneously.

When they were done, Walker practically needed Wiltshire's help just to get onto the carriage. When the carriage began to move again, the Scotsman sitting inside was half-lying in the Marquess's bosom. The two people were silent as they embraced, but both of them still trembled because of the intense passions they had revealed in front of the other just a short period of time ago.

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[1]: The original term in the Chinese text is “撒娇 (sā jiāo)”. There is no exact equivalent for this in the English language I think. It is something like whining, but in a flirtatious/spoiled manner, but the person that is doing it is confident that the other party would be receptive. The other party is usually a loved one. It's not limited to a pair of lovers, a child could also do this to his parents or elder relatives.

[2]: It was generally unacceptable to speak to anyone of good breeding without a formal introduction by a third party. Only those of a higher social rank could approach someone he did not know. People of a lower or equal rank had to wait for an introduction by a friend or a master of ceremonies.

[3]: Probably referring to Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson (6 August 1809 – 6 October 1892), one of the most popular British poets of all time.

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# Jus Primae Noctis Volume 1, Chapter 7, Part 2 Translation



panisal.livejournal.com/25397.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



## Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 7, Part 2

"How about coming upstairs with me?"

When they were back at the residence in Leicester Square, Franklin was by the door, awaiting his master's return. After taking an opportunity to send the Butler away, Wiltshire asked Walker the question in a whisper as they stood at the bottom of the staircase.

Walker shook his head, out of the corner of his eye, he glimpsed the old butler reappearing at the door. Deliberately, he increased the volume of his voice and said: "I had a very pleasant evening, thank you, Sir! Let's say our goodnights here."

Apparently, Wiltshire had also noticed Franklin. He immediately changed his voice to the unctuous tones of a shallow aristocrat and said in a lazy drawl: "Well, the parties in London are always the same. One you've seen one, you've seen them all, isn't it, Walker? But I'm glad you liked it. Goodnight, my friend!"

Under the guise of shaking Walker's hand, he rapidly traced the words "wait for me" on his palm, before he quickly disappeared up the stairs wearing a smile.

The enchanting smile that Wiltshire had flashed at him before he had left dazzled Walker so much that felt slightly dizzy and he stood rooted to the same spot for a few seconds before he could turn and walk away. As he passed Franklin on his way out, he pretended that he did not notice the stern gaze that the Butler had turned on him.

When he was back in the little room he had been living in while he was away from his home, Walker lit the candles on the table and tidied up the bed while waiting for Wiltshire. After about half an hour, the candlelight in the Marquess's room was extinguished. Very soon, Wiltshire appeared in Walker's room, when he really ought to have been sound asleep in his own bed.

"Good heavens! I really do not know why Franklin thinks he has the right to interfere with his Master's private life." Although the look on his face said that he was frustrated and had no choice but to put up with this, Walker knew very well that in actual fact, Wiltshire actually respected this old Butler.

Without any fuss, he took off his sleeping robes and threw them on the floor, and now naked, Wiltshire quickly got between the sheets. With dissatisfaction, he turned his gaze to Walker, who was still fully dressed, and said crossly: "Do you think that you are still at a party? Take your clothes off quickly, I have something to say to you."

"I also have something to say." Walker ignored the Marquess's loud call and seated himself at the table. After casting a look at Wiltshire's hair of pure gold, which was flowing over the pillow, he averted his gaze.

"You can speak first!" The Marquess gave a shrug of his shoulders and propped his head up on one of his hands, making it look like he was listening with all ears.

The Scotsman exhibited a peculiar manner, as if he did not know how he should bring up the subject. After a short interval, he finally decided to adopt a more solemn manner.

"Sir, I have already been in London for two weeks..." He looked at Wiltshire before continuing: "Although I very much hoped that you would honour your promise to find me a job, but after all these days, I have found that you seem to have no intention of doing this at all. There is no benefit to either of us if this situation should continue to drag on. Sir, I have already decided that I will leave this place tomorrow."

His expression was quite resolute; it could be seen from his attitude that even if Wiltshire tried to object, he could not be swayed from his decision.

"What if I say that I don't agree?" At the beginning, Wiltshire had been quite shocked, but he soon managed to calm down. The expression in his eyes changed as he continued to look at Walker, to one that was quite dangerous.

Walker locked eyes with him for several moments before finally choosing to turn his head to the side so as to avoid having to look at the ferocious expression on his face.

"Whether you agree or not, I'm still leaving!"

The atmosphere in the room suddenly became tense. Wiltshire remained silent for a few minutes but he soon came to a decision.

"Come here!" He called out to Walker in a rather controlled voice, but his eyes, which resembled green crystals, emitted glints of brilliant colour, as if he were a beast that was staring down his prey.

Walker chose to remain silent, neither making a reply nor moving to obey his order.

"I said, come here!" The Marquess's voice began to turn threatening.

Walker had no intention of showing any weakness. He held his head up with pride and walked over to the bed, looking at the Marquess with a rather determined expression.

Wiltshire seemed to have become infuriated, grabbing at Walker with one hand, he dragged him down to the bed. The Scotsman struggled and tried to crawl up, but because the Marquess was firmly pressing down on him from behind, he was unable to straighten out his lower back. He could only feel kisses, that were as earth-shattering as lightning and thunderbolts, continuously rain down upon his face and body...

Accompanied by the sound of a crisp ripping noise, the expensive jacket and shirt that Walker was wearing were torn apart with brute force by the Marquess. Buttons clattered as they fell to the ground and shreds of cloth fluttered in the wind. The Marquess hands rapidly established a hold over Walker's chest, which was stretched taut with anger. While teasing the small protrusions on the front of Walker's chest, he pinned Walker's arms to the sides of his body firmly.

"Why do you always have to be like this? This can't solve any problem! God, why can't you understand?" As if his life depended upon it, Walker wriggled his body and tried to struggle; he detested that Wiltshire had chosen to use sex to convince him. This method seemed more suitable for dealing with a woman who was being disobedient and made him feel deeply humiliated, but what caused him to feel even more horrified was his discovery that, to his surprise, his body had quickly reacted to Wiltshire's actions.

The Marquess did not make any reply to his question, his attention was completely concentrated on subduing the body in his arms --- in addition to working hard at freeing a hand so that he could pull the Scotsman's trousers down.

"Fuck!" When his buttocks came into contact with the cold air, Walker could not help but to swear, using foul

language.

"Why do you always have to be like this... ah..." But soon, after something that felt as cold as ice was smeared into the hottest part of his body, his protestations were ultimately turned into a groan by the pain of that finger intruding into his body.

"Damn it!" It was not clear why the Marquess was cursing. Three fingers of his right hand were completely buried within Walker's body, aided by the lubricant he had applied, they flew in and out. Feeling the body he had clasped in his arms was shaking due to pain and humiliation, Wiltshire brought Walker's chin close and with no restraint, he began to kiss those lips which could not be closed because Walker was feeling such passion.

Slowly, he pushed his burning-hot desire into Walker's body, but after that, he only maintained his body in the same position, instead of beginning to move it back and forth. Even so, Walker still seemed to find the kind of feelings washing over him hard to bear, they felt like humiliation but at the same time also felt like excitement. Afraid that he would bring on even more suffering on himself, he ceased to struggle but only held his body stiffly, resigned to letting the Marquess caress and kiss it.

"It is only at times like this that you are willing to listen to me..." Allowing Walker's back to press closely against his chest, Wiltshire wore an intoxicated expression on his face as he began to caress Walker's cheek and neck, and his fingers tenderly stroked the protrusions at the front of his chest, which had already become bright red and stiff.

Walker gradually became enraptured by the mood of sexual love in the room, his face was flushed, and little by little, his breathing had become urgent. Involuntarily, his body had begun to tremble in anticipation of the wave of passion that would soon sweep over him...

"You... what are you waiting for?" When the Marquess still made no further movement, Walker could bear it no more and finally he had to ask the question.

"Ah, I'm waiting for you to change your mind." With a smiling expression, Wiltshire bent over and said in his ear.

Directing his gaze down Walker's body, he saw that his penis was already standing erect in the air. To his great satisfaction, the Marquess discovered that under his provocation, the Scotsman's rational mind had already become unable to suppress the desire that emanated from the depths of his body.

"You are an absolute lunatic!" Walker cried out; his lower body already felt as hot as if it were on fire, and transparent fluid was even flowing out from the front end of that erect body part, but Wiltshire had restrained his hands firmly, not allowing him to touch his own desire. Not only that, he also continued to rub at his neck and chest, making the torment even more intense for Walker.

In actual fact, the Marquess needn't have done so, his hard length that he had inserted into Walker's body was already enough to drive him to lose his reason. With his lust slowly mounting, but unable to find any avenue of release, Walker moaned and could not help but to give in to the instinct to twist his body in an attempt to search for release.

"Listen carefully to me!" The Marquess forcefully pulled his body back, not allowing him to move further. At the same time, he shouted loudly, in an attempt to startle Walker's mind from its state of confusion: "I did promise you that I will recommend you for a job, and that is something that I have actually been working on. But the Prince Regent has given me an order; I will have to leave for France tomorrow. I am going to need assistance, and I am hoping that you will go with me. Do you understand, Walker?"

"You... you mean to say... go to France?" Walker was gasping, and even his mind seemed to have been set alight by flames. The Marquess was indeed too cunning, demanding that he should make a decision about such an important matter at such a time.



“Yes, France! When we come back, I will immediately let you go to work at the shipping company owned by my good friend, Baron Rosen. You can earn a thousand English Pounds [4] per year there.” Wiltshire's voice sounded wretchedly calm, to entice Walker, he had even used a salary that was so high that it almost induced Walker to have a dizzy spell.

That was a sum of money that could buy a piece of land; that huge sum of money would even allow for them to build a brand new house on it. If he could earn that sum of money... Walker thought of how his mother would never need to feel dejected over not having enough money for medical treatment, and the money could even be used to send his brothers to London to attend school...

He had no way to reject this --- although he knew very clearly that Wiltshire did not have any good intentions, but Walker could not find a way to make himself spit out any words of refusal.

“Do we have an agreement...” Using a voice that was almost a sigh, he murmured in Walker's ear. Wiltshire suddenly and forcefully thrust his waist forwards, and his manhood, which had already become as hard as steel long ago, penetrated even deeper into the soft inner walls. In response, Walker's entire body began to spasm uncontrollably.

“Agree... Walker, agree...” He began to thrust in-and-out slowly, until the Scotsman was shedding tears caused by the pain of having his desire burning to its apex but being left without tender attention.

“Yes, yes! I beg you... please...” Walker's trembling voice was released in wild shouts, he could no longer endure any more of this type of torture; he could not take even a minute, or even a second, more of it.

That wicked ensorcellment was instantly broken, the Marquess gave a sigh and began to thrust his body with the speed of flight, and very quickly, he reached his climax in the Scotsman's body; and as for Walker, under the Marquess's skilful hands, he also reached the peak of pleasure at nearly the exact same moment.

Whitish fluids splashed out on the Marquess's palm and the bed sheets, as if making a declaration about how degenerate he had become...

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[1]: £1,000 would be about £33,960 in 2008 values. At the turn of the 19th century, the per capita income was about £33 pounds. At that time, a lot of the workforce was comprised of labourers, who earned about £15-20 and servants, who earned about £20 to £60 if they were male or £5 to £15 for females. These sums may not sound like enough to live on, but remember that their room and board were provided for by their employers.

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Please note that although I can hold a simple everyday conversation in Mandarin, my ability to read Chinese is BAD and I am mostly dependent on the pinyin to discern meaning. This is not a word-for-word translation (and some of it would be more accurately termed as paraphrasing), and when I'm not sure of the exact meaning of certain phrases, I tend to err on the side of coherence instead of strict adherence to the text. There will be mistakes in the translation, and corrections are very welcome.

**4390**

# Jus Primae Noctis Volume 1, Chapter 7, Part 3 Translation

 panisal.livejournal.com/25740.html

Novel: Jus Primae Noctis (初夜權)

Author: Xīng Bǎo Er (星寶兒)

Warnings: might contain non-consent, dubious-consent, man-on-man action, gore

Thanks to everybody for your support!



## Jus Primae Noctis Chapter 7, Part 3

The next morning, although he was neither willing nor enthusiastic, Walker still kept his promise and together with Wiltshire, he boarded the ship that was bound for the Port of Le Havre [1], *The Princess Elizabeth*.

The ocean's sparkling and translucent surface reflected the clear blue sky, creating a lovely scene, and the accommodations in the First-Class cabins were also quite comfortable, but unfortunately, Wiltshire seemed totally unable to find his sea legs --- within two hours of boarding the ship, he had already barfed five times.

"Oh, God! How is it that you are not even the slightest bit seasick when it's obvious that you have never even seen the open ocean before?" In great discomfort, Wiltshire was lying flat on his back atop the narrow bed in the cabin. With envy written all over his face, he looked at Walker, who was admiring the scenery outside the window of the cabin in a totally relaxed manner.

It was rare that he could feel any sense of superiority when he was faced with the Marquess. As Walker was placing a cold towel on Wiltshire's forehead, he laughed and said: "Maybe the Gods of the Sea favour kind people."

Just as Wiltshire was thinking of launching a counterattack, the ship gave a timely jolt and the Marquess immediately clutched at his churning stomach and gave a groan. Clamping his mouth shut tightly, he forced back his queasiness.

When he saw that at this moment, the cheeks of the usually jaunty Wiltshire were now pale and wan, Walker couldn't find it in his heart to ignite any hatred or enmity towards him anymore.

"Do you want me to bring you something to eat?" He cast a look at the clock hanging on the wall of the cabin and found that it was almost time for lunch.

"If you intend to cause my death..." Wiltshire gave a bitter laugh. He cast a glare at the boundless azure ocean beyond the windows of the cabin and could not help but to give a groan from the very depths of his throat, which was then followed by him beginning to mutter malicious words, curses directed at the Prince Regent.

Hearing the extremely ungentlemanly words continue to stream out of Wiltshire's mouth without any hint of stopping, Walker was on the verge of being unable to restrain a smile. From the time he had first met Wiltshire, he had always been at an disadvantage, but it would seem that the sea gods were inflicting punishment upon this savage man on Walker's behalf --- although the severity of his punishment was still somewhat more lenient than desired.

"I'm going to go have lunch." Walker rose from his chair and stood up, his stomach was rumbling with hunger, making him feel very uncomfortable. More importantly, he had no wish to have to deal with a man in a cantankerous mood while he himself had an empty stomach.

"Don't go yet!" Seemingly at his last gasp, Wiltshire managed to summon up energy from some unknown reserves

and managed to shout out. He looked at Walker, and with a most pathetic and pitiful expression he implored, "Don't leave me here alone..."

When he saw the surprised look on the Scotsman's face, he said even more emphatically: "Please accompany me for a while longer."

Walker stared at Wiltshire intently for a few seconds; finally he softened, affected by the look in that pair of jade-green eyes, which looked close to being beseeching.

"Alright!" In a forthright manner, he nodded his head, dragging a chair over to the bed and sitting down. "If there is anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to ask."

After all, with the way the Marquess now looked, it was hard to think of him as the devil who had raped him and Walker's fatal failing was that he found it hard to reject requests that others made of him.

Wiltshire gave a blink, and his crystal-like eyes of pure green were suddenly misted over with a layer of vapour. His tone of voice also became more careful, complimenting the tragic expression he was wearing.

"May I lay on you for a moment?" He pointed to Walker's knee, and his voice was almost on the verge of being extremely cautious and solemn.

He really couldn't think of any reasonable excuse to decline the request of an ailing man, and Walker had to agree, for lack of a better option. He let Wiltshire rest his head on this thigh, using it as a pillow, and looked on as Wiltshire closed his eyes, even appearing to have difficulty breathing. Even if Walker had cracked his head with over-thinking, he could never have imagined that a moment would come when the Marquess, who usually carried himself in a high-and-mighty manner, would be as soft and amenable as he was now --- most of the time, Wiltshire was an indolent aristocrat, but in Walker's eyes, he was nothing but a devilish maniac hell-bent on pursuing sexual pleasure.

"Could you pour me a glass of water?"

"Of course." Walker reached for the cup by his side, and with clumsy movements, he helped Wiltshire to lean against his chest and fed him the water. But water was constantly dripping down the chin of the rather uncoordinated Marquess as he drank, and a large patch of Walker's trousers was soon sodden.

"Even an infant is more agile than you." Walker did not know whether he should laugh or cry, and he couldn't help but to grouse.

"It'll be fine, just change into another pair." The originator of the whole trouble still dared to make his suggestion while wearing an innocent expression.

"They're being washed." Walker's face was deadpan, but his mind was thinking back to the scene where the Marquess had reduced his expensive trousers to a pile of shredded rags during one of the times he was seeking pleasure --- whenever Wiltshire's lust was stoked, he would be unwilling to stomach any delays, even the little bit of time needed to undo buttons would be too much.

"Then just wear mine."

"As if I can fit into yours!" Walker could not think of any other response --- the man was obviously as tall as him, but his thigh seemed to be about a third slimmer than Walker's. The only thing he could be glad about was that he was not some woman, who might have gotten bothered about problems with his figure when met with such a comparison.

"Then just don't wear anything!" Wiltshire grinned slowly; simply by looking at his expression, Walker immediately knew that he must be thinking about some off-coloured things. And coinciding with his imagination becoming rose-

tinted, he seemed to have totally forgotten about being seasick.

"Now that you seem to have recovered, I shall leave for a while." Lunch was only being served within a certain timeframe on the ship; Walker did not want to have to contend with the Marquess while he was still hungry.

"Oh, my head feels dizzy... I really feel like vomiting..." As if by magic, the Marquess face turned pale within a split second, he clung to Walker's thigh fiercely and from his expression, he looked as if he were about to throw up.

From the way he looked, he genuinely did not seem to be putting up an act, and Walker could only give up on the idea of leaving the room. "If you dislike travelling by sea so much, why do you still want to go to France?"

Wiltshire had completely neglected to explain to him what the purpose of this trip was, but Walker also found himself to be very deplorable for how he had gotten muddle-headed because of Wiltshire's superlative sexual technique and had hastily agreed to go on this trip in that state of mind --- Walker began to experience intense self-loathing; in the twenty-six years he had lived, his lifestyle had been one that was quite ascetic, but after meeting Wiltshire, this form of self-control seemed to have completely collapsed.

"....."Wiltshire fell silent. It was rare that he would wear an expression that approximated awkwardness, and from that, Walker knew that the reason for the trip must be of great import.

"If you don't wish to talk about it, you don't have to." Actually, Walker did not really want to know; for him, the only reason he was going on this trip was because of the job that the Marquess had promised to him.

"If I tell you, could you..." Again, Wiltshire wore an ill-intentioned smile, and he also placed his hand on Walker's thigh in a most dishonest fashion, slowly creeping upwards...

Walker knocked his hand off roughly, and with a grim expression on his face, he said: "If you still have that type of strength, then I'm very sorry but I think that there is no longer a need for me to stay here and look after you."

"Don't!" Wiltshire hurried to grab on to Walker, who was about to leave and said: "Alright, I'll tell you. In actual fact, I really do need your help."

There was sincerity in his eyes, and this air of gravitas was something that Walker had never seen from the Marquess before, causing him to quieten down.

Re-seating himself by the bed, Walker said solemnly: "I guarantee that I will keep what I am about to hear a secret."

Wiltshire looked at him, seeing that the Scotsman's eyes were resolute and limpid, the Marquess nodded.

"Alright." He said.

In that instant, Walker felt that a completely new kind of connection seemed to have been forged between the two of them --- it had nothing to do with sex or other matters, instead it was purely one of mutual trust between two men.

Wiltshire gave a soft sigh, gave a swallow, and finally began his narrative: "Do you know who Princess Caroline is?"

Walker furrowed his brows, the name Caroline seemed to be quite familiar, he seemed to have heard somebody mention it before, but at that moment, he could not quite recall who she was.

"She is the Prince Regent's daughter." Seeing that Walker's expression was hesitant, Wiltshire gave him a reminder, and Walker immediately remembered that he had heard someone mention that name during the last party he had attended with Wiltshire.

"She went missing two weeks ago!" The Marquis announced.

Walker was so surprised that his mouth was wide open --- Princess Caroline was the Prince Regent's only daughter and she was in line to inherit the throne after her father; her disappearance would be headline-making news that would send shockwaves throughout the entire British Empire.

"Well actually, she can't be said to be missing, she left a letter for her father, saying that she was eloping with a French aristocrat. And that damned Henry actually picked me to go and help him retrieve his daughter; he even said some nonsense like people would not suspect me of having been entrusted with such a weighty mission because of my reputation for being idle and disdainful of any kind of work! Goddamn it, really!" Wiltshire was unable to resist and heaped another curse upon the Prince Regent.

The Princess's elopement would definitely be one of the biggest scandals that came out of England in that century if it were revealed to the public, and Walker was very much stunned that Wiltshire would actually tell him about such a momentous piece of news.

"Now that you know why I am going to France, so, can you help me?" The Marquess asked his question with a grave expression on his face and Walker couldn't help but be moved by the trust Wiltshire had placed in him --- although he knew that the reason he had invested this type of trust in him was related to the intimate relationship they shared, but as an aristocrat, Wiltshire had some characteristics that other people of his social station would not have.

"Yes." Walker also used a rather serious tone of voice to make his reply. Looking straight at Wiltshire, he straightened his back.

A smile slowly blossomed on Wiltshire's face. He leaned his body close, and slowly planted a long kiss on Walker's lips --- sealed with a kiss.

A long time later, whenever wandering minstrels would recount this legendary saga, the relationship between the Marquess of Wiltshire and Walker Robinson would be portrayed as one of a pair of master and servant. In their poems, the Marquess would be a knight who was both possessed of both bravery and wisdom, and as for Walker, he would be the Marquess's faithful servant and bodyguard. The bards would unreservedly make proclamations about the stirring love story between the Princess and the Marquess, but never did they ever speak of the true story behind this romantic tale of two warriors and their quest to rescue a princess.

## End of Jus Primae Noctis Volume 1

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[1]: 哈佛港 (hā wéi gǎng): most search results point to this being Port Harvey in Canada, but I think it's probably Le Havre in France, which was a common entryway into France for British travellers embarking on their Grand Tour.

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**4606**